

Sunday, January 1, Sidney to Batavia: clear and hot, cool breeze and beautiful clouds, and a magnificent sunset. Retired last night ~~and~~ at 2.30 a.m. and got up at 10.30 a.m. Read "The Door with Seven Locks" by Edgar Wallace, and began reading "Mischief" by B. Traver. The captain sent several travel books of his own, including "Travel Notes in Egypt and Palestine, 1924-25," by Sir William Sowden. I saw one island far to the north with high cliffs that shown white and pink in the sunlight. Had some good music by Mrs. Brown before supper. After supper the passengers gathered in the lounge and listened to a talk by a little Australian missionary. It was a most absurd exposition of the bible scheme of s^avation by a man obviously ignorⁿat and unaccustomed to speaking. It was long drawn out because the poor fellow did not know when he was through or how to stop. The audience were too well bred and too sympathetic to show their boredom, but after the man made his escape there were comments to the effect that the missionary societies made a serious mistake in sending out untrained men of that type.

At midnight Mrs. Brown, the tin mining engineer, and I stood on the top deck leaning ov^{er}~~x~~ the rail watching the rippling water in the moonlight while she quoted poem after poem about the moonlight and the sea. After it was over, Mrs. Brown, with head and heart as big as her body, held out her arm to me and together we made our way to the lounge.

Monday, 2 January, Macasser; clear and hot, calm sea, bl^{ue} sky with little clouds. Early morning we were in sight of green wooded mountains seen across a flat palm covered plain to the north. About 11 o'clock we saw a small island to the south with a native village near the shore and many fishing boats with sails. Our ship drew up alongside a long wharf before Macasser, capital of the Celebes, about noon. Immediately there was great activity among the assembled

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(1928, Jan. Macasser).

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coolies who began to unload flour and to load coal. The natives were small, brown, with black hair, and many of them wore bright colored ~~at~~ clothing, some wearing loose garments and some with short red pants and nothing above the waist line. Very few women were to be seen.

After luncheon Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Iremain, ^{Miss Highroad,} the engineer and I hired a large automobile and drove about thirty miles out in the country to see the cataracts in the mountain. We drove through the town, which seemed to be quite large and the people very industrious. Over a smooth road we drove through a ~~flat~~ flat section, passing many groves of tropical trees and of ~~palm~~ bamboo in great clumps sixty feet or more in height. There were many small fields of manioc, banana and coconut groves, rice fields, a few kapok trees, and patches of yams. However, rice was the principal crop and much of it was just being planted. The only cattle seen were the water buffalo, which are ugly looking beasts, almost hairless and with black skin like swine. However, the natives kept goats, geese, chickens, and ducks, but no pigs were seen. We passed a number of small villages. The houses were constructed of bamboo with roofs covered with napa and other palm leaves. The ^{flimsy} huts had only one room set on bamboo poles ten or more feet above ground. Under many of them were mud flats or shallow water. We saw several small canals with grass covered banks. The soil was generally dark red in color, although in places ^{were} ~~there~~ outcroppings of rock. The huts were swarming with children. The boys were naked until about the tenth year, the girls until about six, but usually they wore a small circular piece of metal ^{the size of a half dollar} suspended in front from a string tied about the waist.

In about two hours we reached the mountains. They appeared to be of limestone and were perforated with all sorts of caves, holes, and cavities. The hills presented high, perpendicular, whitish cliffs toward the flat country and were riven or separated by deep

(1928, Jan. Macasser.)

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fissures and gorges. In ^{some} ~~some~~ places these cliffs hung outward and occasionally there were pendent fragments like stalagmites. The color of the cliffs was generall mottled brown or creamy white. They were covered and draped with all sorts of vines, ferns, shrubs, trees, and palms. Some of the fissures reached from bottom to top of the cliffs, ^{and} were only a few yards wide at the top, across which the ^vegétation nearly met, and on looking up into one of these fissures one caught a glimpse of ~~the sky~~ a narrow ribbon of sky through a veil of ^{ferns} ~~palms~~ and palms near the top.

The car was left ~~by~~ the side of a small mountain stream and our party walked up the gorge a few hundred yards to the cataract where the stream plunges down from a height of sixty feet or more. I took a few snap shots, but the light was poor because of the narrowness and depth of the gorge and the mist that came from the falls.

On the trip up I sat with Mrs. Brown whose physical opulence left but little space for me. On the return trip I ~~a~~ sat between the plump ^{Mrs.} ~~I~~remain and the slim Miss Highroad. Miss Highroad appeared to be interested only in the landscape. Mrs. Iremain, however, leaned back luxuriously with eyes half closed and allowed her right hand to rest lightly or wander up and down my left leg. ^eQuit~~r~~ naturally I allowed my left hand to explore her voluptuous curves. Then a shower blown by a strong wind against her side of the car came up and I had to lean over her to reach the curtain and to adjust her shawl, because it turned quite cold, and in doing so I caught a glimpse of her beautiful breasts and it was only natural that my hands lingered on them in a soft caress. Then I found that by putting my left arm back of her neck and shoulders I could hold the curtain against the wind and quite naturally our heads came together and in this way she ~~was~~ partly in my arms. It was a most agreeable ride, in spite of the anti-climax that came from seeing

(1928, Jan. Macasser).

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the doctor enter her cabin a few minutes after our return to the ship. I spent the rest of the afternoon writing up my notes and reading "Das Kapit^al." Some of the male passengers returned in the evening obviously drunk. The ship sailed at midnight.

Tuesday, 3 January, to Batavia; clear and hot with the sea as smooth as glass in which white cumulous clouds were reflected as in a mirror. Read "Aysha" by Rider Haggard. Had a long nap in the afternoon and then worked on my monthly expense account. In the evening there was music and dancing on deck, but I preferred to sit in the smoking room with my book.

Wednesday, 4 January, to Batavia; partly cloudy and smooth sea. Reading "The Carolinian" by Sabatini. Throughout the forenoon small fishing boats^t were in sight, some with sails and others without. The sails were oblong and fastened to the mast in oblique fashion. Most of the boats had outriggers. Far to the south one could see the faint outlines of the Island of Bali and of Java. About 4 p.m. we entered the^a long narrow channel of smooth water with lowlands on each side covered with coconut palms^{and} numerous villages. Off^{to} the^{the} west one caught glimpses through the clouds of the faint outlines of a very high cone shaped mountain.

We drew into the harbor of Sourabaya at 4.30 p.m. The harbor was full of ships flying the Dutch flag. One of them was in dry dock. The city, center of the sugar industry of Java and containing about 250,000 inhabitants, was about five miles from the harbor. Just before landing I took a snap shot of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Iremain who were going ashore^s to make the trip by automobile to Batavia. They urged me to go along with them, but I felt that I could afford neither the time nor the expense. They gave me a copy of their itinerary, which included Batavia, Singapore, Calcut^ta, and Agra, and asked me to meet them at every port. One of the horses that had been standing

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(1928, Jan.Sourabaya)

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on the forward deck since December 21 was taken out on the wharf and the attendant walked him up and down. Occasionally the horse, which seemed to be in great distress, was allowed to lie down for a momemnt and then forced to get up and resume his walk. At midnight the bright lights of many ships shone across the black harbor and flashes of sheet lightening lit up the black sky.

(Mother, 4 January, Sourabaya, yellow folder.

Thursday, 5 January, Sourabaya; partly cloudy, hot and moist. After breakfast I sat on deck reading "Daughter of the Sun" by Jackson Gregory, and enjoyed the nice breeze blowing across the ship. There was great activity on the wharf where six or eight ships were discharging cargo at the same time. The cargo was unloaded by a small army of little yellow men with the aid of electric motors and trucks. These little men were cheerful, willing, quick in their movements, and highly efficient.

At 9.30 a.m. I walked out beyond the wharf and hired an automobile ^{for} at the equivalent of \$1.60 per hour. I was driven about five miles over a moderately good asphalt road to the city.. The city was a maze of narrow streets and corners crowded with a mixture of Dutch, Malay, Chinese, Hindu, and Syrian shops. Many of the men on the streets wore nothing above the waist. The little women wore long skirts and a sort of jacket buttoned tight across the breast. I went to the postoffice to mail a package of books to Washington. I found it crowded with hundreds of native people waiting in line before the various windows. All signs over the windows were in Dutch, which I could not read. After blundering about for awhile I came to a window where my package was weighed and was told in English to go to another window for stamps. Before that window was a long waiting line and nobody seemed to be waiting on them. I walked up to the head of the line to see if I was really before the right one when a clerk inside motioned me to the rear. Inasmuch as it would take at least an hour to dispose of the waiting line at the rate they were going, I turned away. That was an exhibition of ^{the most} inexcusable inefficiency I had ever seen in a postoffice. I asked the driver of the hired car to take me to a bank where I could exchange my Australian money for Javanese. At the bank I asked the cashier if the messenger of the bank could

(1928, Jan. Sourabaya).

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mail my package for me, to which he readily agreed upon payment of the postage amounting to about 75 cents. I asked the driver to take me through the business section and the residential section, but his vocabulary was so limited that he could not be made to understand and my sightseeing was cut short by driving back to the ship. From what little I saw of Sourabaya it seemed to be an inextricable jumble of streets running at all angles.

At the ship I resumed my reading until a group of male passengers on the wharf called out to me to join them. Together we went to a cheap restaurant on the wharf where several rounds of drinks were served. Then a fairly good luncheon was served and another bottle of beer each. The combination made me feel quite comfortable and the party was a cheerful one. During the luncheon there was a discussion about the natives and it developed that the natives of Java, Sumatra, Singapore, and the Malay States are all of the same race, but have been separated long enough to acquire differences in language.

Returning to my cabin I slept soundly the rest of the afternoon. I spent the evening in the smoking room and finished reading the extravagant romance "Daughter of the Sun." All day the army of little men were actively engaged in unloading flour and other merchandise. They ate their meals on the wharf brought to them by little women, and many of them slept on the wharf at night. I was told that they were paid about twenty cents a day and live principally on rice and bananas. A cool breeze blew across the harbor all day.

Friday, 6 January, Sourabaya to Batavia; clear and oppressively hot in the forenoon, but a good breeze on the open sea. I took a short walk in the forenoon up a short street from the wharf. It was lined with small cheap restaurants. The natives seemed to be good natured and musical like our negroes. I took a snap shot of

(1928, Jan. Sourabaya).

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a group of naked little boys and one girl. The grownup men and women are bronze in color and short in stature. The sun was hot and I did not prolong my walk.

The ship got under way at noon. The harbor was full of shipping and the shore was lined with warehouses and enormous tanks full of molasses. The ship had to tack off her course for some distance to avoid a dangerous shoal and reach the open sea. The harbor and channel was muddy and the clear blue water of the sea looked good by contrast. Many fishing boats were in sight. Until darkness fell we were in sight of the Javanese coast and mountains. Many of the mountains looked like volcanoes with their tops blown off. At sunset a great bank of black ~~xxx~~ clouds hung over the ~~mountainsxxx~~ coast and through breaks in the clouds the sun shot blue, pink, and red bands high up into the sky which were reflected from the surface of the sea. A full moon soon appeared and threw its golden pathway across the sea. The sea itself was as calm as a lake.

Saturday, 7 January, Semarang; clear and hot. When I awoke the ship was anchored before Semarang. The sea was like silver and the sky a soft gray suffused with pink. The water was shoal and the ship could not get closer than two or three miles so that cargo had to be transshipped by lighters. The city is back from the shore on green hills. Back of the city are three green hills, knolbs, or peaks, and back of these were five conical mountain peaks that reared their heads high above the clouds. They were shrouded in a mantle of mist and their outlines were vague and indistinct. To the east the country was flat and covered with coconut groves.

The ship left the harbor at noon and we had a lovely afternoon with a cool breeze blowing that made us forget the moist heat of the harbor. I spent the day reading. One of the passengers who was to leave the ship the following day invited a group to spend the even-

(1928, Jan. to Batavia.)

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ing with him in the smoking room. Round after round of cocktails and bottles of beer were served and the men told stories until long after midnight.

Sunday, 8 January, Batavia; bright, moist, and oppressively hot. Packed up after breakfast and tipped the stewards. The ship entered the harbor and drew up to a long concrete pier at 9.20 a.m. The harbor was shallow and muddy and the surrounding country was flat^t and ~~at~~ cut up with canals. At the breakfast table I was told that I would have to pay duty on my typewriter and deposit one hundred guilders, but this proved to be a mistake. The only thing the customs officers seemed to be interested in was firearms and I had to turn over to them my revolver, to be claimed when I left. It took the Malay clerk in the customhouse fifteen minutes to fill out a small blank receipt for the revolver. Then I hired a motor car to take me and the baggage to the city, which was nowhere in sight.

We drove over a smooth road along a broad canal that in many places ^a ~~wa~~s full of men and women washing clothing and bathing. Not much of the city could be seen because of the coconut groves, bananas, and palms, and the scattered situation of the houses. I was taken to the Hotel des Indies, which appeared to be a group of detached two story buildings covering a space as large as ^{two} ~~to~~ ordinary city blocks. I was given a nice room with bath on the second floor of one of the detached buildings about a block away from the main building. My room had a balcony both in front and rear. The air was still, moist, and oppressively hot. After luncheon I took a long nap. I was awakened by a heavy tropical downpour of rain. At 8 p.m. I went to the main dining room and had a fairly good supper entirely alone. Later I learned by observation that the dining room usually began to fill up at 9.30 p.m. After supper I took a short walk. The ~~street was deserted except for a few little women carrying food of~~

(1928, Jan. Weltesvreden).

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street was deserted except for a few little women carrying food of various kinds in baskets suspended from bamboo poles across their shoulders. They were barefooted and walked in the middle of the street. No air was stirring, it was steaming hot, and inexpressibly dull.

Monday, 9 January, Weltesvreden (Batavia); clear, very hot, with the regular 4 o'clock deluge. After breakfast I left some films with a photographer, and bought a supply of excellent cigars. I took a taxie to the American Consulate where I found an accumulation of mail that had been forwarded from other points. Had a long talk with the Consul General, Mr. Coere du Bois, who said he had been fifteen years in the Forest Service in California and that he attended the Emigration Conference at Rome in 1927. He said ^{that} the Batavian government was exceptionally well organized, including the Central Bureau of Statistics; that it is practically autonomous except in the matter of appropriations which require the approval of the home government; that there had been a rift in the governing class over the question of granting the native population some opportunity for expression through representation in the government. He outlined the organization of the Javanese government and arranged for an appointment with the director of the Central Bureau of Statistics. In fact, I drove directly from the Consulate to the bureau.

I had a long and satisfactory interview with the Director, Mr. J. Van Gelderen, and two of his principal assistants, who outlined the organization of the bureau, discussed the proposed census program, and gave me a number of bulletins illustrating the work of the bureau.

At luncheon I saw a number of passengers from the S.S. Houtman whom I knew, including Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Iremain. They had made the trip from Sourabaya by automobile. After luncheon we stood under some

(1928, Jan. Weltesvreden)

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trees in front of the hotel and took snap shots of each other. They were to leave immediately, but Before leaving^a Mrs. ~~Ir~~^mmain told me confidentially that if we should meet in Singapore she would go out with me one night. This kind offer was a complete surprise to me because I had not thought of such a thing, and all I could do was to thank her and express the hope that we might meet. She was a voluptuous looking woman and very attractive to a man traveling along^e in a strange country.

Took a long nap with the intention of later going on a sightseeing trip to old Batavia, but when I awoke the daily deluge was pouring down, so I read bulletins instead. After supper I took a walk through the dimly lighted streets. At a place where the street light barely penetrated I was approached by a little Javanese woman apparently between twenty and thirty years old but with the figure of a girl of sixteen. Apparently she exhausted her entire English vocabulary with the words "Automobile? Hotel?" because she did not seem to understand any of my questions as to where she lived, whether she was married, and the like; nor did she understand French, although she apparently understood a little German. She probably spoke Malay or Dutch. At any rate I could understand nothing she said, so our attempts to converse were a failure. She then resorted to the universal language by leaning confidently against me and when I chuckled her under the chin she laid her head on my manly bosom. At the same time she loosened her bodice and guided one of my hands to her beautiful bosom, and the other hand she placed about her waist. I responded instinctively by clasping her tightly and she quivered in my embrace, and repeated her English formula, "Automobile? Hotel?" I smiled and shook my head, at which she seemed disappointed. While still holding her in my arms I became aware th^a a little hand was delicately exploring my pockets. Instantly I became alert and gently caught her ~~h~~

(1928, Jan. Weltesvreden)

E--3114

hands and disengaged myself, whereat she wore an injured look. However, the engaging smile returned when I handed her the equivalent of fifty cents. It was a harmless but pleasant episode in a strange city that I had begun to feel was about the dullest I had ever seen.

Tuesday, 10 January, Weltesvreden; clear and hot forenoon; tropical downpore in the afternoon. At 8.20 a.m. the American Consul came to the hotel in his car and took me out to Buitenzorg, the site of the famous botanical garden, the Department of Agriculture, and the Governor's palace. I judged the distance to be about 36 to 40 miles, possibly more, because it took us an hour and a half to traverse the distance over a good road. The country was thickly settled and we passed through a succession of populous small villages. The road was thronged with pedestrians the entire distance, mostly carrying burdens suspended from the ends of bamboo poles ~~carried~~ on their shoulders. We ^{saw} ~~sw~~ some ponies not much larger than Shetlands, but no horses or donkeys, a few diminutive goats, some buffalo, a few chickens, but no pigs or sheep. At the villages we saw small squads of soldiers that carried themselves well. The women and little girls were dressed in bright colors. Most of the boys were entirely naked. The huts sat on the ground, with walls of woven palm leaves and roofs of ^{red} ~~tile, usually red~~. Usually the red soil was bare for a small space about the dwellings and often soft and muddy. ^{most of} ~~Usually~~ the houses were almost hidden by thick groves of bananas, coconut palms, and other trees. The road was bordered on both sides the entire way by tropical trees which often met overhead. The fields on both sides were terraced, irrigated, and set about one-fourth with cassava and three-fourths with rice. We saw several plantations of beautiful bearing rubber trees. Several small streams were crossed. To the south could be seen several

(1928, Jan. ~~W~~ Buitenzorg).

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high mountains that were green to their tops which could be seen below and above the white clouds. The soil is a beautiful dark red and appears to be uniform in color and texture as far down as the bottom of streams, as much as thirty feet in places.

We reached the botanical garden about 10.30 a.m. The garden was established in 1815. It comprises a considerable are^a, that is almost completely covered with trees, shrubs, vines, and plants. A fine avenue of large white-barked trees ~~that~~ runs from the Governor's mansion through the grounds to the Department of Agriculture. Through the garden also runs a small mountain stream that has worn a deep gorge. The garden is irrigated. The Consul said there are over 4,000 species of trees in Java and all were represented in the garden. We walked through and around the garden. Most of the trees and plants were strange to me, but nearly all of them were labeled. I was impressed by the great variety of trees and plants; nowhere else had I seen ~~such a great va-~~ ^{so many} ~~riety~~ growing together. Some of the rattan vines were more than a hundred feet long. Most of the trees were ornamented or infested with air plants, plant parasites, big and little. Although we kept in the shade it was excessively hot and we perspired freely.

Shortly after 11 a.m. we called at the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, Industries, and Commerce. The Secretary, Dr. Rutgers, was about to leave to become the governor of Surinam (Dutch Guiana). He was still a young man. After expressing his interest and concurrence in the proposed agricultural census he turned me over to the chief of the Division of Agricultural Economics, Mr. M. B. Smuts, who likewise promised cooperation in the census project. In answer to my questions regarding organization and work ~~he~~ he gave me a collection of bulletins which he said contained the information I desired. We had a delightful luncheon at the small hotel or clubhouse at which a large number of government officials were present. Many strange dishes and fruits

(1928, Jan. Buitenzorg)

E--3116

were served. One of the principal dishes was a platter of beautiful white rice borne by the headwaiter in uniform and followed by six or eight other waiters each bearing a ~~p~~ platter of all sorts of condiments.

The Consul and I returned just before the daily deluge at 4 p.m. By invitation I went to his residence in the evening and was introduced to Mrs. Du Bois and their two charming daughters. Cocktails were served and then followed a delicious supper, after which we sat and smoked, talked, and had cocktails, until 11.30 p.m. I learned that he was from Hudson, New York, and his wife was from Boston. He was a forester in California for fifteen years and at the breaking out of the war he was sent to France. After the war he was transferrèd to the State Department and for several years was assigned to immigration problems which took him to various countries in Europe. He served as consul at Port Said for two or three years. In 1926 he spent several months at Naples and visited other places in Sicily and Italy and learned to love the Italians. He said their five servants cost them about \$40 a month, or \$8 each. The house they lived in and where he had his office was surrounded by spacious grounds with many fine shade trees. The conversation was continuous and animated and I was made to feel that they enjoyed my presence as much as I enjoyed their society and hospitality. I suspect our mutual satisfaction was due to the pleasure that most Americans experience when they meet fellow countrymen in foreign countries and compare impressions, which only congenial people with common experiences and background can do freely and without restraint.

Wednesday, 11 January, Weltesvreden; a tropical downpour all day and oppressively steamy and hot. After breakfast I went to the steamship line and got a rebate on my ticket to Singapore, because I did not want to wait four more days in Weltesvreden for

(1928, Jan. Weltesvreden).

E--3117

their boat. At the Netherlands S.S.Co. I bought passage on the S.S. Grotius sailing for Singapore at noon. A drive of several miles took ^{me} ~~me~~ to old Batavia to cash a traveller's check and back to the hotel. The canals were full of little women doing laundry work. Like children they seemed to enjoy playing in the muddy water. Their neck, shoulders, and legs were bare.

I packed up, paid my bill, and had a long wait for both the bill and for a taxie and became very impatient because time was getting limited. And still it rained, and how it rained! The taxie finally came and we drove eight miles to the wharf and I got my baggage into the cabin. The ⁰colliers who brought the baggage aboard all held out their hands. I appeared not to understand them and led them to the purser who said they were employes of the company, paid by the company, and I should not pay them anything. They promptly disappeared. Then I jumped into a taxie and was driven several blocks through the deluge to the customhouse to recover my revolver. The officials were very indifferent and slow so that it took them three-quarters of an hour to make out five separate records, including a complete description of the revolver, and I had to pay "storage" on the pistol for one week. Then an employe went with me to a branch customhouse at the wharf where more records were made out. At last we came aboard just two minutes before the boat sailed. The revolver was turned over to me just as the gong sounded to take down the gang plank.

The ship was a small one and when I went aboard it was crowded with visitors. It steamed out of the harbor at 12.05. Luncheon was served at 1 P.M. During the afternoon I took a long nap. The exasperating delays, the incessant deluge, and the leaving of a package of letters and some photographic negatives and prints at the hotel, all combined to put me in bad humor. Also I was badly

(1928, Jan. Batavia to Singapore.)

E--3118

in need of fresh laundry and, furthermore, I had to prepare a report on Java. Then, too, I had one of my rare headaches, probably due to hurry and worry, or perhaps it was the pounding rains, moisture everywhere, or the slimy lizards crawling about the walls of my room, or the abominable climate, steam heat at all hours. I was glad to get away from such a # Turkish bath atmosphere and environment.

Thursday, 12 January, Singapore; cloudy, mild temperature, wind, gray sea with whitecaps. In the forenoon we were ~~sitting~~^{steaming} northward through a straight ten or fifteen miles wide. The sky was covered with clouds low down and the sea was a dull gray, except where the sun shown through it turned to burnished silver. To the west was a long low line of coconut palms and mangrove jungle, straight as a string along the horizon. To the east were many islands, low except for a few peaks that stood against the sky line, with fringes of coconut palms and mangroves.

During the afternoon mountains and islands were in sight to the west and south. In the evening lights on the coast could be seen. I spent the evening writing and drafting correspondence. The ship drew into the harbor of Singapore at midnight.

Friday, 13 January, Singapre; cloudy, showers, but clearer than at Batavia. Shortly after breakfast I went ashore in a launch. It was very pleasant crossing the bay, which is circular in form. There was a long breakwater, behind which many ships were anchored. Along the beach front could be seen many large buildings, including a cathedral. From the wharf I was taken to the Raffles Hotel where I was given a large room with bath, ~~marbelx~~ marble floor, and a large electric fan. As soon as I was settled I took a ricksha and went to the central police station to register my passport, revolver, stopping place, business, declare intentions, etc., all of which took more than half an hour. Next to the American Consulate where I

(1928, Jan. Singapore.)

E--3119

got some mail and met the Consul, Mr. Anderson E. Southard. He said he was from Connecticut, had been in the Consular Service twenty years, much of the time at Jerusalem and around the Red Sea, and that he was a member of the Cosmos Club. For the first time I learned from him that there was no central authority in Arabia, each province being practically independent. Also I learned from him that the capital of the Malay States is Kuala Lumpur, but that the offices of the Governor General and of the Colonial Secretary were in Singapore. He arranged for appointments with these officials, and gave me a "trade information sheet" concerning British Malasia.

Returning to the hotel I had a glass of beer, luncheon, and a nap. When I awoke I made up an accumulation of laundry and laid out two suits to be pressed. I let a Chinese tailor measure me for two white duck suits on his assurance that they would be finished the following day. At a photographer's I asked to have two enlargements made of photographs of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Iremain, but he said it could not be done under five days, so I gave it up. Sent out one of my ~~xi~~ suitcases for a new handle. After supper I walked a few blocks to High Street and looked at the attractive displays of silks, jewels, canes, bricabrac and other art gifts to be seen in the shops. On the streets I met several passengers of the S.S. Houtman. Purchased a supply of Manilla cigars. In the evening I wrote a report on Java.

¹³
(Dragon, ~~14~~ Jan. Singapore, yellow folder.

(Du Bois, same. *amir*)

(1928, Jan. Singapore).

E--3120

Saturday, 14 January, Singapore; bright, misty, and hot, but with good sea breeze. Did not sleep well because of the noise on the street under my window at all hours. Called at Cook's and ascertained that a visée was not necessary for Bangkok, that the railway journey would take about sixty hours and cost about \$80.00. with sleeper reservation and meals, and that I would have to return to Penang to catch the steamer for Calcutta, leaving Saturdays and taking about a week with stopover at Rangoon. At the hotel continued writing letters. The two white suits made by the Chinese tailor and ordered yesterday were delivered and found satisfactory. In the late afternoon I rode in a ricksha to George Street and ^{did} ~~did~~ some shopping. I enjoyed the walk back through the Chinese quarter because of its color, the lights, and peculiar costumes. A Chinese ricksha boy followed me about and seemed to be trying to tell me he could take me to a nice little girl, but his English was so badly jumbled as to be almost unintelligible.

The harbor looked very pretty at sundown, glinting with reflected lights after dark. After supper I took a long walk and then a ricksha ride across the city to the oriental quarter where I saw many Europeans entering various places displaying red lights and before some of which my ricksha boy stopped and uttered the magic word "Girls." At one of the less pretentious places I stepped out, willing to take a look at what might be seen. The boy knocked on the door and after a brief parley the door was opened by a Chinese woman inside. I found myself in a large room with a low ceiling, windows closed with wooden shutters, bare floor, two unoccupied tables and chairs near the entrance, and in the rear a long table at which six or eight young Chinese girls were sitting. There were two small electric lights which did not suffice to light up the room very well. The ^t ~~maron~~ ^{maron} was a large middle aged Chinese

(1928, Jan. Singapore.)

E--3121

woman with a flat looking face who spoke broken English. She pointed to the girls and said "Take nice girl." I shook my head and sat down at one of the tables and asked for a bottle of beer. I proceeded to drink it while I studied the strange surroundings. The matron said something in Chinese and one of the girls arose and came and sat at my side. I looked at her and shook my head and she retired. Each of the others did the same. They were all young, slender, dressed in loose fitting silk gowns from neck to heels, wore sandals, their faces heavily painted, their black hair done up elaborately, and all looked so nearly alike they might have been sisters. Their faces were immobile and neither by look or actions did they display the slightest interest in me or attempt to attract attention to themselves. The whole proceeding was so stiff, formal, decorous, and lacking in animation that had it taken place in an American church it would not have excited any comment. The matron seemed disappointed and had an unpleasant look in her eyes until I handed her twice the price of the beer I ^a had ordered. I enjoyed the long ricksha ride back through the dark streets in the warm night air. Thousands of Chinese and Hindoo men were on the streets but not a single woman was to be seen.

~~(Longobardi, 14 Jan. Singapore, yellow folder. omit)~~

(Mr. Tenny, ✓ same.

(Wife, ✓ same.

Letter to Mr. Tenny, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, acknowledging receipt of cable message. Letter from Singapore, January 14, 1928:

x x x x x

"This cable message is the first and only communication I have had from the Department in Washington since last April, and if it were not for an occasional letter from Mr. Longobardi at Rome I could almost feel that Washington and Rome are shadows and the Institute and the U.S. Department of Agriculture simply a dream. I see very few newspapers in any language that I can read, and then only at long intervals, and the radio service on long voyages give very little news about the U. S. In fact, about the only item of news from the U.S. that seems to have stirred the animals up is the announcement that Uncle Sam has a naval program. I don't like the idea of paying taxes for war ships and armies any more than other Americans, but I hope to God that naval program goes through, and then some.

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X X X X X

(1928, Jan. Singapore.)

E--3122

Sunday, 15 January, Singapore; partly cloudy, showers, and hot. Made an early round to take snap shots of the cathedral and some public buildings and returned to continue writing up my correspondence. Had luncheon and a nap. ^Pand ~~at~~ ^At 4.30 p.m. the Trade Commissioner, Mr. Renshaur, called with his car to take me through the residential district. Before many of the residences he stopped to leave his card in the mail box, the card obviating the necessity of a personal call. We stopped at the botanical garden. Near the garden were a number of monkeys swinging from branches of the trees or running awkwardly on the ground. Then the Trade Commissioner took me to the large house and grounds he had rented. He was a bachelor and in the course of conversation informed me that he paid \$135 a month for the house and the seven servants he employed cost another hundred a month; that he did not like the sea, or the tropics, or Singapore, or life in hotels; that the repetition of the same kind of weather was monotonous and enervating; that there was a complete lack of ^Ppeople with whom he could enjoy social intercourse; and that there was deep seated animosity on the part of the British to Americans. Most of this was directly contrary to the statements of Consul General Southard who, if he shared the feelings of the Trade Commissioner, was too discreet and diplomatic to express them.

The Trade Commissioner said the policy of restricting the output of rubber in order to raise the price had proved a failure because it brought into the market unexpected quantities of native rubber from the Dutch East Indies and stimulated much planting in Java and other nonBritish territory. He said also ^Athat American goods were selling more freely in competition with British goods, that the Chinese merchants were more and more dealing direct, and that the Japanese were underselling and outselling the British

(1928, Jan. Singapore)

E--3123

with their piece cotton goods, so that the British were having difficulty in retaining and maintaining their trade.

At the hotel I had a good supper and a bottle of wine, after which I adjourned to the hotel pavilion where I heard a good concert and some fine singing by Sr. Buonavita. The Governor General and many officials with their ^{ladies} ~~ladies~~ were present. At my table I got into conversation with a young Englishman who said he was connected with the educational department of the Malay States and the Straits Settlements. He assured me that the native children were very bright and that the Chinese children led all others.

(Sister Nellie, 15 January, Singapore, yellow folder)

(Otis, ✓ sme

(Thelma, ✓ same

(1928, Jan. Singapore).

E--3124

Monday, 16 January, Singapore; cloudy and comfortably cool. Called on the Colonial Secretary, Sir Hayes Marriott, at the Government House. He was cordial, but expressed doubt as to the possibility of taking a satisfactory agricultural census in the Malay States, but said the Colonial officials could be depended upon to do all in their power to bring it about. He outlined the organization of the Singapore government and the Malay Protectorate.

At Cook's I purchased transportation through to Bangkok. The Malay clerk who ^{at}waited upon me was exasperatingly slow, as if he had never made out such a ticket before. On the way back I bought a little book written by the Governor General entitled "Brown People." Called on Consul General Southard, who expected to leave the following week for his new post at Addis Abeba. At the hotel began to pack up and read about Malasia in a guide book.

~~(Mrs. Brown, 16 Jan. Singapore, yellow folder. omit)~~

(1928, Jan. Singapore)

E--3125

Tuesday, 17 January, Singapore-Quala Lumpur; fair and warm. After tipping my way out of the hotel I was taken to the train and settled in a compartment at 7.10 a.m. I noticed that few if any of the native Malays could speak English, and that about the only colored people who could speak it were the big, black mustachioed Sikhs from India that served as policemen and guards.

The train left at 7.30 a.m. and was soon out of the city. It traversed a low undulating stretch of country through almost continuous plantations of rubber trees. They are smooth clean looking trees with light colored bark and leaves something like those of the chestnut and were planted about twelve feet apart. Also we passed several rubber factories, large brick structures with loading platforms on the side. I saw a few pineapple plantations that did not seem to have been well cared for. The soil was light in color. Large patches of shrubs were seen in places, some with yellow and others with red blossoms. The houses of the rubber planters were modern in appearance, but the natives lived in little bamboo huts.

At 8.20 a.m. we crossed the river ^{or strait} that separates Singapore from Maylay. It was about half a mile wide and on the other side was Johore Bahm. Along the water front were Chinese and Malay huts and on the higher ground were some nice looking houses and grounds.

At 10 o'clock we were at Layang, after passing through miles and miles of rubber trees planted about fifty feet apart, interspersed by real jungle, primeval forest with a heavy undergrowth, all tied together with vines of various sorts. At this station was a well with a concrete curb. Also there were many little Tamil women, black as jet but with delicate features and long straight black hair done up in knots on the back of their heads. Their necks and

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(1928, Jan. Kuala Lumpur.)

E--3126

arms were bare and they wore skirts that looked as if they were simply strips of colored calico wrapped about their bodies from waist to knees. A strip of coal black tummy was visible. In their ears and nose, and about one of their toes, were silver rings and about their wrists and ankles were silver bracelets. They were washing laundry near the well and kept their backs toward the train as if they did not wish to be observed or photographed.

We passed Ringan at 10.10, Kwang at 10.45, and reached Labis at noon where we had luncheon, after passing through almost continuous rubber plantations. At 2 p.m. we were at Gemay, a rubber, palm oil, and coconut section. The palm oil trees are straight, fifty feet or more in height, a tuft of fronds on top, smooth white bark, with trunks only about three inches in diameter from the ground up. They are among the most beautiful of all palms. Lantana was one of the most common plants along the railway. A beautiful sensitive plant was also quite common. Along the railway the ground was usually covered with a coarse grass and ferns. The branches of many trees were festooned with airplants and orchids, some of which bore ~~beautx~~ brilliant scarlet blossoms. Although the country was almost completely set with rubber trees, around the villages were small patches of rice. Very few wild birds were seen. In the villages were a few goats, a few buffalo, and a few straggly chickens.

We reached Kuala Lumpur after dark. As we approached this town we began to see the enormous excavations of tin mines. No porters were visible at the railway station and I had to struggle with my baggage from the platform to the elevator to the station hotel, only to be informed that ²all rooms were taken. Outside I succeeded in finding a taxi driver who took charge of my small baggage. He got a porter for me and tried to find the trunk. He took me to the wrong

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\$1928, Jan. Kuala Lumpur)

E--3127

end of the station platform, crossed the tracks, and then back. Leaving the porter in disgust I sought out the station master who guided me to the proper baggage room and there we found the trunk. Then we drove to the Empir^e_A Hotel. There the clerk said all rooms were taken. At my request he telephoned to other hotels and rooming houses and all said their rooms were occupied. Then the manager came in and when I explained my plight he said he could put me up for one night only. So at last I got a room, with the nearest toilet half a block away. At the dining table I sat between two men, one an Australian architect and the other a mining engineer. Both were very agreeable and after supper took me over to the "Spotted Duck" Club. The Australian said th^a_A the previous September he had flown by airplane from London to Paris and saw the parade of visiting American^a troops, which he said was impressive and well worth seeing. He remarked that the American boys were free spenders.

Wednesday, 18 January, Kuala Lumpur; clear and hot. After breakfast I arranged with the hotel manager to let me keep the room for another day and night. I asked the Chinese desk clerk how far it was ~~th~~ to the Department of Agriculture. He replied, "Just a little way," and that about two blocks from the hotel I would see a sign showing where to turn off the main road. On the strength of this statement I started to walk. I failed to find any sign. Seeing an Englishment just getting into his car I inquired the way of him. He said he was going in that direction and invited me to ride out to the place with him. We saw a sign reading "Department of Agriculture," and ^{also} ~~too~~_A the road indicated, but after riding two or three miles without seeing anything that looked like a department of agriculture we returned to the starting point. We repeated the trip with no better result. This time he returned to the Club

(1928, Jan. Qwalla Lumpur.)

E--3128

There he got what he supposed were specific directions. Also he brought with him a native employe of the Club to serve as guide. We went over precisely the same road as before only farther until the road ended in a private residence and garden. Returning we stopped at a residence, but could get no information. The native guide with us admitted that he did not ^{know} where the Department of Agriculture was located. My host was much perplexed because he had visited the Department of Agriculture once and he knew we were near it. I suggested that we drive back slowly and each keep a sharp lookout for a branch road or sign. This we did and within half a mile I espied an inconspicuous branch road that we had passed five times without seeing, and some thirty or forty yards back from the main road behind some trees and coarse grass was the sign~~ed~~ we were looking for. We both expressed exasperated astonishment that the sign had been so nearly hidden from the main road. A few city blocks brought us to an open space and a group of buildings.

The buildings housed the Department of Agriculture and were situated on the slope of a low hill overlooking a small valley between hills that were partly covered with trees, palms and ornamental shrubs. I met Dr. W. N. C. Belgraw in charge of Soils and Plant Physiology who said that the Secretary of Agriculture was in England and the Acting Secretary had just gone to Singapore. However, Dr. Belgraw gave me full information concerning the organization and work of the department and introduced me to the various project leaders. To avoid the long walk back through the blazing hot sun I had one of the employes telephone to town for a taxie.

We drove first to a bank to cash a check and then to the hotel. I engaged the same chauffer for the afternoon to visit the agricultural experiment station at Serdong, about sixteen miles from the city. We left at 2.15 p.m. and were soon out in the country ~~traveling over an excellent road that was lined almost continuously~~

(1928, Jan. Qwalla Lumpur).

E--3129

traveling over an excellent road that was lined almost continuously with native huts and villages and was full of vehicles and pedestrians. The houses were surrounded with palms, bananas, and groves of trees. Just outside the city we passed some lime kilns. Throughout the entire distance there were great works and excavations of tin mines. Usually there was a great excavation in the grayish white earth, a trestle-like structure up which water and the earth in solution were raised and an inclined plane down which it flows, the water returning to the excavation, and the oozy white earth being spread over a considerable area to settle and dry. About ten miles out was one excavation that appeared to cover several hundred acres a hundred feet deep or more.

The country was attractive because of the green trees and grass. Arriving at Serdong we turned off the main road and drove about a mile to a group of buildings in a little park used as residences of the staff, and near them were the office and laboratory buildings. The Director, Mr. Marsh, got into the car with us and we drove over the grounds. We inspected groves of coconut palms, a plantation of every known kind of banana; a large collection of coffee varieties; a small collection of cloves with glossy green leaves; that were aromatic when crushed; a nutmeg plantation that was not looking very well because it was too far from the sea; a large collection of palm oil plants, which the director thought might develop into a profitable industry; a collection of various forage plants of which the best was Guinea and Rhodes grasses; some vanilla vines that were flourishing but had not yet borne any pods; some epicacua, yams, sweet potatoes, castor beans, Jerusalem artichokes, and other plants; k^up^op^ok, cassava, and all the vegetables commonly grown by the Chinese; various drug and medicinal plants that were being tested; various ornamentals; and lastly rubber trees and

(1928, Jan. Qwalla Lumpur).

E--3130

sisal. There was, of course, complete facilities for propagating all these plants. Complete records were kept of all these plantings and of the weather, this last showing an annual rainfall of from 90 to 110 inches.

After inspecting the office and laboratory buildings we sat on the veranda of the Director's bungalow and had a glass of cold beer that was very refreshing. The Director had some fine photographs of orchid blossoms and of native wild animals. He said that tigers were frequently seen.

The return trip was pleasant because of a fine breeze, but the road was so crowded with vehicles and pedestrians that we had several narrow escapes. I wanted to stop several times to take some photographs, but could not make the driver understand. At one place I saw a pretty little girl of about twelve quite innocent of all clothing. On the road were many Chinese women carrying heavy burdens, and some of the little Tamil women carrying water.

We reached the hotel at 4.30 p.m. I dispatched a cablegram to the Institute at the postoffice. The station master very courteously gave me information about trains to Bangkok and without charge telegraphed for a sleeper reservation. I returned to the hotel in a ricksha and then took a stroll through the Chinese quarter. Had supper alone at 8.15 but was later joined by Messrs. Ingram, architect, Stevens, engineer, and Fletcher, the gentlemen who took me to the Department of Agriculture in the forenoon. He apologized for not looking me up sooner, but said his wife was ill and he could not well leave her. I was sorry I did not see more of him because he had lived many years in the country and was thoroughly familiar with it. They were all very agreeable. Mr. Stevens said that the climate was very trying and that unless

(1928, Jan. Qwalla Lumpur)

E--3131

one could get back to a cooler climate once every three or four years he was apt to go to pieces. He said that everyone contracts catarrh and every morning one can hear people sneezing. Sitting at one of the tables in the dining room was the Governor General with a very ruddy face. With him was a group of gentlemen and ladies, all drinking rather freely and becoming hilarious.

Public buildings in Qwal~~X~~a Lumpur were quite artistic and pleasing. Some have the oriental style with little towers, turrets, and spiral staircases, and are either constructed of cream colored brick or of wood painted white. Near the public buildings is a mosque, a park, a bandstand, and a small stream. Even the railway station is painted white and has numerous pavilions and towers. Unfortunately I could take no pictures of these rather unique and attractive buildings. Mr. Ingram gave me two picture postcards he happened to have with him.

Thursday, 19 January, Qwal~~X~~a Lumpur-Penang; cloudy and hot. Up at 6 a.m. and on the train at 8 o[']clock. We were ^{soon} passing through almost continuous rubber plantations and by numerous tin mine excavations. Reached Rosa at 9.20 with a cool breeze blowing. I saw a number of flow^{er}ing plants, one like a large pink lily, and many patches of sensitive plant with fluffy pink balls. Also saw some small white and black birds. At 11.25 we were at Sunkai, after passing through a great forest preserve which had t^wo to twelve giant trees per acre that towered high above the surrounding forest, and underneath a jungle of small trees, shrubs and vines. Many of the larger trees were dead, some of which supported vines to their very tops. Also I saw a large plantation of rubber trees that had died or were dying, bearing a striking resemblance to the blight stricken chestnut trees of the eastern United States.

At 1.15 p.m. we were at Ipah, a large place near mountains

(1928, Jan. to Penang.

E--3132

and the center of a tin mining district. At 3 p.m. we were at Pandang Renzas near a high perpendicular cliff on which men suspended by long ropes half way up were chopping off blocks of soft stone. It looked like soft limestone. Then for two hours we rode through mountains and across valleys with swamp, rice, rubber plantations, coconuts and bananas. Also there was considerable dredging for tin in many places. There were all sorts of combination plantings of coffee, coconuts, bananas, and napa ^palms. The country roads generally were very good, which universally is evidence of prosperity.

At 6.30 p.m. we reached Prai where we changed from the railway train to a ferry and crossed the harbor to Penang just as the sun was setting. There was no wharf and I had trouble in finding a hotel porter. Also I had to walk back to the ferry landing to identify my baggage, and then to the railway station to ascertain if a sleeper reservation had been made for the following night. I then ~~took~~ took a ricksha across town to a hotel on the seashore. It was a large and pretentious looking hotel, but had no plumbing. I was assigned to a cheap room in an annex. After ringing a bell and waiting sometime a waiter appeared. I said I wanted to take a bath and he conducted me around to the other end of the building to a bare room with a concrete floor, a tub of cold water in the corner, and an empty bucket. I took a bath as I had seen some of the natives bathe in the open, that is, by dipping the water from the tub and emptying the water over my head so that it would stream down my body. By contrast with the warm air the water seemed icy cold.

I had a very satisfactory supper and then stepped out front to have a look at the sea and explore the hotel grounds. I caught sight of a lady beckoning to me and on approaching saw that it was

(1928, Jan. Penang).

E--3123

Mrs. High^{weigh}~~head~~ and daughter who were on the S.S. Houtman from Sydney. They seemed to be overjoyed to meet me and we sat together until 11 p.m. The daughter said she was taking a six year course in medicine at the University of Sydney.

Friday, 20 January, Penang to Bangkok; cloudy, still, and hot. I awoke early because of the singing of birds. Had breakfast and reached the train at 9.15 a.m. I found a seat in a smoking coach under the impression that my sleeper reservation would not be available until we reached a station sometime in the afternoon. Later I learned that my sleeper and reservation were attached to the train, but when I went back to my compartment I found it already occupied by four men. The conductor promised to rectify the mistake later.

The first hour^{1/2} out of Prai was through a swampy country of sedge grass and coconut palms. Then we came out into an undulating hilly country with mountains to the west. Most of the region was planted to rubber trees that looked badly and many of them dying. There were many ant hills from three to five feet high and three to nine feet in diameter. Apparently there is a hardpan of conglomerate within three to six feet of the surface and this may be the cause of the trouble with the rubber trees. However, there were many new plantations of rubber to be seen.

About noon we entered a swampy valley about ten or fifteen miles wide and covered with rice fields, some of the rice fields being harvested, with mountains on both sides. We were in this valley several hours in the afternoon and we passed numerous high knobs of limestone with precipitous sides^{and} overhanging cliffs. At 3.20 p.m. we stopped for a few minutes at Head Yai Junction, a small town with a number of new houses on poles about six feet above the ground. For some miles back we had passed through a swampy wilderness with clumps of trees rising out of areas of coarse grass or reeds. As

the road ascended to higher ground we saw great clearings mostly ~~pl~~ planted to cassava, and the mountains were only a few miles distant.

*P*At the junction the conductor had cleared my compartment of other passengers and conducted me back to it, all except one, a young man whose baggage occupied the opposite seat and the floor. The conductor announced to him that I had a reservation in this compartment. The young man simply stared at me in a supercilious way as an intruder and made no move to remove his hand baggage from my seat. Following up the conductor's statement I said, "Yes, I made a reservation of this ~~comp~~ entire compartment several days ago, and was naturally surprised to find it occupied this morning." Still ~~he~~ made no move to accommodate me. Turning to the embarrassed conductor I ~~said~~ thanked him for getting rid of three of the intruders in my compartment, but suggested that it would be well to avoid similar mistakes in future as it might be reported to the management and cause trouble. Then, as if talking to myself, I said aloud, "Sorry, it ought not to be necessary, and would not be necessary with a gentleman," and with one vigorous motion I swept off of my seat and on to the floor a suitcase, and several miscellaneous toilet articles, kicked some of them out of my way and settled myself comfortably next to the window to observe the landscape, smoke, and read. The young man flushed slightly and exclaimed "My word." From that moment I utterly ignored him. After pretending to take a short nap he proceeded to pick his things up and replace them in the suitcase, with which he then disappeared and I did not see him again.

Late in the afternoon we traversed a valley about twenty miles wide with a mountain range on both sides. The floor of the valley was flat and covered with rice fields and a few head of water buffalo were to be seen. We had traveled for several hours through a scrubby swamp with ponds and channels of shallow water and clumps of brush

(1928, Jan. to Bangkok)

E--3135

and small trees. Only occasionally were a few isolated tall trees to be seen. Considerable areas were occupied by large ant hills, some of which were as much as ten or ^{tw}elve feet in height and fully as broad in diameter. I talked with a Danish engineer who said there were many mosquitos in this swampy country, but not the kind that transmits malaria. He said that he was educated as a forester, but the salary was too low and ^{he} had been in the Malay States fourteen years and liked the jungle work and life.

Saturday, 21 January, en route Bangkok; cloudy and cool. I slept well under a blanket and was up at 7 a.m. For several hours the train traversed a wilderness. ^aLarge areas were covered with ant mounds, most of which were covered with grass and shrubs. The ~~sa~~ soil was light in color and looked poor in quality. The wilderness was a real jungle of trees, brush, bamboo, and marsh, with an occasional limestone hill with one or more precipitous sides and covered with trees. Also there were many singing birds. Very few huts of natives were to be seen. At one point I saw a drove of buffalo and a few little ponies. Wood was used as fuel in the locomotive which was piled at regular intervals along the railway. In the marsh I saw some white cranes, some big brown storks with white heads, several ~~exiles~~ hawks, and one owl. In the morning I heard thrushes singing, much like our mocking birds, and at least half a dozen other kinds of bird song. Last night the train carried an exceptionally strong headlight, which my Danish acquaintance said was to enable the engineer to see whether any wild animals were on the track ahead. He said that although he had been in the country fourteen years and had seen many tigers he had never had an opportunity to shoot one. He said that the bison is the largest bovine animal in the world; and that it stands six feet high, is large in proportion, and is exceedingly savage.

Until noon we traversed a very poor looking region, much swamp, many ant hills, bamboo groves, poor soil, very little in cultivation and that little all in rice. Shortly after noon we crossed a small stream on the banks of which I saw about an acre of tobacco, and near there were several small plantations of kapok, and growing wild were some castor oil beans. On the whole it seemed to be an unsettled country with very few inhabitants.

At 1.15 p.m. we reached Hua Hui, a health resort. The next station was Peachabui. An hour later we were passing through a section of dried up rice fields that had been harvested. I saw a number of tall palm groves with bamboo poles tied to them to facilitate climbing. The few thatched huts to be seen were miles apart.. At one of these huts I saw two women naked from the waist up. Near a small village I ^{was} saw a Buddhist temple with rough pine boards for the sides and inclosing a gigantic image of Budha and two smaller images in an attitude of prayer. In the afternoon I saw a few small ponies and small herds of Hindu cattle. However, most of the land along the railway was dried up marsh with clumps of bristling half dead bamboo.

About the middle of the afternoon we entered a broad flat plain almost entirely devoted to rice culture. The rice was grown in little squares of about one-eighth^h acre, each surrounded by a low bank or dike. The rice had recently been harvested. The stubble was dry and Indian cattle and buffalo were grazing on it. Apparently the practice was to harvest the rice, shock it, and later haul it to the nearest village to be threshed by hand. It is winnowed by hand from a broad flat basket which the operator manipulates in such a way as to toss the grain up into the air and let the breeze blow out the chaff. In this section there were also some coconut groves and bananas, and some small patches of sugar cane. As we neared the

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city we began to see vegetable gardens cultivated intensively by Chinese. Their practice ^{was} ~~was~~ to dig the soil up into beds about ten feet wide, with deep ditches full of water between from which the gardener could throw water on to the growing plants. Many of the beds were covered with ^{coarse} ~~grass~~ matting made of bamboo leaves. Some of the beds were green with newly sprouted rice.

At 7.15 p.m. our train drew into a large new railway station. A porter from the Oriental Hotel took charge of my baggage and another porter brought me in an automobile about a mile through the crowded streets of the city. All the pedestrians seemed to be Chinese. None of the business signs were in English. I was assigned to the last vacant room in the hotel which was a small one without a bath.

Sunday, 22 January, Bangkok; bright, clear, and hot. I did not fall asleep until nearly morning and did not awake until 10 a.m. Soon thereafter I and my belongings were ⁿtransferred to a larger and better room. About 11 a.m. I employed a guide and was driven through the city to the National Museum. The building is Chinese in style. It was formerly part of the King's palace. In it were thrones and gilded royal chariots which were massive affairs on wheels and nearly as wide as a city street; palanquins and royal boxes to be carried on the backs of elephants; furniture, and a wonderful collection of guns, diminutive dolls in court dress, costumes of actors, models of ships, houseboats, sampans, and junks, an ancient plow, models of vehicles of various kinds, Budhas and other images, and a library in which Siamese books and writings are kept in cupboards that are inlaid, carved, and gilded; tapestries and embroideries; a marvelous collection of elephant ~~s~~ tusks and teeth of animals of various kinds, such as tigers, wild boars, and the like.

Next we drove by the walled city and walked through a

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Chinese market that was near and full of fruits, vegetables, and wares of various kinds, and swarming with half naked people. I could not help seeing and admiring the innocent freedom with which the women exposed their breasts; nor could I help wishing that women of other lands were equally innocent and free from prudery.

Then we inspected a beautiful marble temple erected by the present king. It is a gem of Siamese architecture. Inside are gilded Budhas and other images.

I had a fairly good luncheon at the hotel, a long nap, and spent the rest of the afternoon and evening drafting a report to the Institute.

Monday, 23 January, Bangkok; bright hot sunshine. I walked to the American Consulate and found a placard outside announcing that it was closed for two days on account of a Chinese holiday. I walked a few squares up the main street, but it was so excessively hot and I was perspiring so profusely that I decided to return to the hotel and keep quiet. The streets were crowded with pedestrians, rickshas, and automobiles. All shops were closed because of the holiday. The people on the streets were dressed in holiday attire, especially the children. Many of the Chinese men were naked from the waist up, and many of the women had bare arms and necks, their short dresses coming just above the breasts, while some, probably the poorer ones, were naked above the waist.

At my room I got out my typewriter and had to spend about an hour tinkering with it to get it to work. Even then the ribbon would move only in one direction so that when the end was reached I had to stop and wind it back again.

In the afternoon I took a long nap, the heat being conducive to sleep. Took a long walk before super and enjoyed watching the smiling pedestrians and the movement and color on the streets.

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In the course of half an hour I did not see a single European. Returned to my room and began reading "Studies in Brown Humanity" by the Governor General of the Malay States, which I found very interesting. My room was full of mosquitos and other insects, as well as small slimy lizards on the walls.

The celebration of the Chinese New Year began at midnight last night with the firing of enormous quantities of firecrackers and bombs, which continued until morning and intermittently all day. An account in a local English newspaper said that the Chinese believe that the good spirits come from spirit land to visit their Chinese relatives on earth; therefore houses are set in water, doors and windows are kept closed to prevent evil spirits from entering, and no dusting, sweeping, or other household work that is likely to offend their ~~spir~~ spirit friends is done. After dark the streets were crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, all Siamese or Chinese. The children seemed to enjoy the excitement of the holiday greatly.

(~~Dragon~~ 23 January, Bangkok, yellow folder. omit

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Tuesday, 24 January, Bangkok; raining heavily forenoon, warm drizzle afternoon. Had difficulty in sleeping. Retired at 9.30 p.m., up at 11 to read and smoke, and to bed again at 3 a.m. The room was full of ~~knats~~ gnats and mosquitos and walls covered with the little slimy lizards. Sent out my laundry. Left some films with a photographer to be developed. These three-day holidays added to a Sunday are a nuisance to travelers.

I took a walk down one of the main streets as far as a canal in which some men were fishing. Practically all shops were closed, except a small vegetable market. But few people were to be seen on the street, probably because they were up making haides the night before. At one place I saw a Chinese man with a basket full of round earthen pots the size of an apple, the upper part being covered with little bamboo bars the size of a match, and inside of each one of these little pots was a lustrous black cricket. The crickets were all chirping in unison. After the heavy rains the surface of the swiftly flowing river in front of the hotel was covered with patches of ~~flo~~ floating hyacinths, pieces of bamboo, coconuts shells and other debris. Returning to my room I wrote some letters.

After luncheon I joined a young Englishman in hiring an automobile to inspect some temples in the king's old palace. It was a ~~X~~ large space inclosed by a stone wall and crowded with all sorts of Chinese structures, so crowded th^a~~at~~ it was difficult to take photographs of them. The roofs were of colored tile. They were straight with long upturned pointed ornaments along the ridge and at the ends. There were innumerable grotesque statues, some representing giants and others dwarfs; and many small pavilions or temples with porcelain tiled roofs of many colors. In one of the ~~state~~ salons is a state reception room gilded throughout, with a gorgeous throne, high up

(1928, Jan. Bangkok)

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and in the form of a bed and covered with gold. The Temple ^{of} the ~~Jae~~ Jade Budha is interesting. It is an oblong room about 40 by 80 feet, the upper part a deep red and gold, the walls from about six feet and up are blue and black, with hundreds of Chinese pictures depicting the life of ~~Budha~~ and history of the Siamese people. The great folding doors of teak wood were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. In the back center ^{was} a high sturdy structure carved in great detail and covered with gold, and on top of it at a height of about twenty feet from the floor was a black jade figure of Budha. Surrounding this structure were hundreds of glass globes in which were gold ornaments in the shape of flowers, trees, fruits, as well as many carvings in ivory. In a long row of glass cases were small gold images of Budha which the devout can buy and offer to the large jade image of Budha.

We were next driven to the parlament building where we saw the throne room of the king. The building is a modern structure of marble like those to be seen in many of our state capitals. The ceilings are painted and gilded. The throne itself is a small structure and there are seats for the king's councilors. The residence of the king was near one end of this structure. Both the parlament building and the king's residence are situated in a large park.

Returned to the hotel at 4 p.m. and had a nap. At 6.30 took a walk on the streets, but it was dark and nothing of interest was to be seen. When I returned to my room I had to leave it almost immediately because of an inrush of millions of insects that looked like winged ants attracted by the electric light. There was a screen door of slats instead of wire netting and insects could enter freely below, through, or above this door. When I turned out the electric light in the room and stepped to the door I was almost suffocated by the rush of insects from the ~~room~~ darkened room, where they had collected, to the light outside on the veranda. They

(1928, Jan. Bangkok)

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were so numerous as to almost obscure the outside light. In the dining room at supper I caught sight of Mrs. High^{weigh}~~read~~ and her daughter who had come from Penang a day later than I. After supper I returned to read in my room as best I could with swarms of insects fluttering about that made life a burden after dark. The bed was screened with netting, but after a person got in bed and tucked the screen carefully about the edges it was soon covered with ~~xx~~ crawling insects, some of which would be found inside gorged with blood in the morning. One morning I woke up with an inflamed foot and ankle that during the night had come in contact with the screen. Examination showed hundre~~as~~s of mosquito bites. Partly because of the insects and the holiday noise of the Chinese at night it was difficult to get to sleep, so this night I sat up until 3 a.m. reading the South African story of "Prester John" by Buchanon.

(Mother, 24 January, Bangkok, yellow ~~folder~~)

(1928, Jan. Bangkok.)

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Wednesday, 25 January, Bangkok; clear and very hot. At a small shop I bought a copy of Wilkie Collins' "Lady in White." After breakfast I called at the American Consulate, which was near the hotel. The Consul was very despondent and noncommunicative. By dint of questioning I learned that he was from Columbus, Ohio, that he had been in the consular service seven years, ^{and} at Bangkok ~~so short a time that he~~ ^{three years} and therefore knew very little about the country. By telephone he arranged for an appointment with the Under Secretary of Lands and Agriculture for the following day, the Minister of Agriculture being away on a tour of inspection.

I returned to the hotel and sat on the veranda awhile watching the floating islands of water hyacinths on the surface of the swift muddy river in front. There were small clusters and large clumps several feet in diameter. A large ship was anchored in the river near the hotel. Many junks were being towed upstream by busy little tugs. Those headed upstream made slow progress, while those going downstream went by with a rush. After luncheon I took a nap, and then a walk, which was unsatisfactory because the shops were still closed, and it was excessively hot. Sat and talked with Mrs. High ^{weigh} ~~road~~ for awhile and watched a beautiful sunset.

Thursday, 26 January, Bangkok; clear and very hot. First business day following the Chinese New Year. Went to a bank and cashed a travellers check. Then to the railway office to reserve sleeper accommodations for the ~~next night~~ train leaving Sunday morning. Then to the Burma & Bombay S.S.Co. and asked the agent to telegraph for a reservation on one of their ships leaving Penang next week for Calcutta. Hired an automobile and was driven about the city until 11 a.m. when I was dropped at the Ministry of Lands and Agriculture, where I met the Under Secretary, Mr. R// Phya Sauba-Kitch Kasetkaru, and the Director of Agriculture,

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Phya Sauba-Kitch Kasetkaru, and the Director of Agriculture, Mr. Phra Sidi ~~Karyx~~ Kariyaba. The secretary of the Under Secretary, a boyish looking young man, acted as interpreter. They assured me that Siam would cooperate in the taking of the proposed census and answered my questions regarding the organization and work of their department, but when I suggested that I should like to inspect their agricultural experiment station they said it was the ~~wr~~ wrong time of year and there was nothing of interest to be seen, [~]no~~t~~ did they offer to show me through the department. In fact, their answers were rather unsatisfactory, whether from lack of understanding of my questions or fear that I would not be impressed by their organization and scientific work, or whether they were simply cautious and reluctant to talk, I could not determine, but I suspected it was because they h^a~~d~~ very little to show me and were embarrassed.

On my return to the hotel I walked up the street and at a small shop bought a white cork helmet as a protection against the tropical sun, and because so many British men had expressed surprise that I continued to wear a straw hat which they said was regarded as dangerous in this climate. Also I found a box of cigars. Apparently there was not much that I could do until train time Sunday. I looked forward to the day of departure because I had formed a great dislike for Bangkok, a city with a nasty climate, dirty streets, and infested with creeping, crawling, and flying insects, a noisy population at night, and hotels devoid of bath tubs.

Crossing a little canal I observed a young woman in bathing with nothing above the waist line. Her breasts were very shapely. ~~A~~ In the late afternoon I took a ricksha ride through a portion of the city and saw much of interest in the movement, color, and costumes of the people, and not the least interesting were

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That I am would cooperate in the taking of the proposed census and answered my questions regarding the organization and work of their department, but when I suggested that I should like to inspect their agricultural experiment station they said it was the wrong time of year and there was nothing of interest to be seen. Not did they offer to show me through the department. In fact, their answers were rather unsatisfactory, whether from lack of understanding of my questions or fear that I would not be impressed by their organization and scientific work, or whether they were simply cautious and reluctant to talk, I could not determine, but I suspected it was because they had very little to show me and were embarrassed.

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Crossing a little canal I observed a young woman in bathing with nothing above the waist line. Her breasts were very large. In the late afternoon I took a riksha ride through a portion of the city and saw much of interest in the movement, color, and costumes of the people, and not the least interesting were

(1928, Jan. Bangkok)

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the groups of women and girls bathing or doing laundry work in the canals with the upper part of their bodies exposed. In the evening I sat awhile with Mrs. High^{weigh}road and her daughter on the hotel veranda watching the sunset and the reflections on the surface of the swiftly flowing river. The Siamese continued to set off firecrackers in honor of their holidays.

Friday, 27 January, Bangkok; clear and excessively hot. Hired a ricksha to take me to the American Legation in the suburbs. We crossed the city and followed a tree bordered muddy canal. At ~~10.30~~ ⁹ a.m. ~~and~~ was admitted by an elderly and very dignified native. He said there was not a single American at the Legation at that time. When I said I wished to see some one in the Legation who could tell me something about the organization of the government with respect to agriculture and the present situation of agriculture, and other matters affecting agriculture he suggested that I call on Mr. R.D. Craig, Technical Adviser to the Department of Agriculture. This native messenger or doorkeeper spoke good English and said he had been with the Legation for thirty years. He refused to sit down in my presence. On the return trip I saw several groups of women and girls in bathing, exposing beautifully rounded breasts. Otherwise the ride through the dry looking suburbs and the dirty streets was most unattractive.

I obtained my photographs and pasted them on loose sheets. After supper I went with Miss High^{weigh}road and a guide to a Siamese theater in the heart of the city. It was a plain wooden structure with brightly colored flowing paper signs and Chinese characters outside. Inside it was much like the interior of a barn made of rough unpainted board walls and pine benches, ^{and} with a small unpainted platform in front for the stage. The theater was full almost exclusively of women and children of all ages, and a few half naked men. There were

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only four or five actors in costume on the little stage. The costumes were of silk and tinsel and were highly ornamental. A small native orchestra at the back of the stage played a sort of tom-tom accompaniment. I had quite enough and would have been glad to leave in five minutes, but it was after 11 p.m. when the ladies suggested going. They expressed themselves as being delighted with the performance, but to me it was very tiresome. However, I was interested in the way the actors strutted from one point of the little square platform to another in a half squatting bowlegged fashion, how they used their hands with tapering fingers bent backwards in gesticulating, and their sing-song way of talking, and how the women and children in the audience seemed to enjoy the spectacle.

On the return trip near midnight most of the shops were open and the streets were swarming with people. Evidently much of the business of Bangkok is transacted after night fall, probably because of the oppressive heat during the day. Again, as on every other day and several times a day, I wished the time for leaving this hot, dirty, ill-smelling, dull and uncomfortable city were ~~at hand~~. *come.*

Saturday, 28 January, Bangkok; clear and hot. After breakfast I tried to communicate by telephone with Mr. Craig, British Technical Adviser, but without success. I visited the American Consulate and a clerk succeeded in getting Mr. Craig over the telephone. He asked me to come over immediately as he was about to leave. He turned out to be a bluff, middle aged English gentleman who said at once that he was not an agriculturist but a legal adviser. However, he confirmed the ~~opinion~~ information I had already received regarding the organization of the Department of Agriculture and he filled up some of the gaps left by the silence and apparent inability of the Under Secretary to understand my questions. For example, he assured me

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that instead of a scientific staff the Department of Agriculture had only one technical man and that the so-called agricultural experiment station was of no importance whatever.

At the hotel I telephoned the steamship company and was told that my ticket would be sent to the hotel. When I told the hotel clerk that I expected to leave the following morning he advised me to get my baggage over to the station that afternoon as otherwise it might not go through on the same train and there might be a delay of several days. In the afternoon I packed up the large pieces and got them off. Also I made up a package of books to mail home which I gave to the hotel clerk. The package came back with the statement that the postoffice could not accept it unless the contents were shown, so I cut out one end of the paper wrapper, and in doing so cut a finger. It bled so freely that I had to ring for a maid to tie it up with a piece of cloth. I sent a cablegram to the Institute regarding my proposed itinerary. The porter returned with my railway ticket and steamer reservation.

Had a nap, labeled some photographs, had supper, and settled my hotel account to avoid delay in the morning. It was for a staggering amount considering the unsatisfactory accommodations. Again I looked forward with eagerness to leaving this inhospitable, uncomfortable, beastly hot, dirty, ~~badly smelling, ill-smelling~~ bad smelling, and insect infested city.

Sunday, 29 January, Bangkok-Penang; clear and hot. Awoke at 5 a.m., dressed, and had a whisky and soda and a smoke. At 5.30 the room boy brought a cup of tea and a banana. At 6.00 the porter came for my hand baggage. Fifteen minutes later I tipped the ^{ai}waiters and left in a taxie with an English gentleman from Calcutta. At the train I had a compartment to myself. The train left at 7 a.m. I then went forward to the diner, had breakfast, and felt much better, especially at the thought of what I was

(1928, Jan. Bangkok-Penang)

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and felt much better, especially at the thought of what I was leaving behind me. From the train window I saw many flowers, some red and others white, some water lilies, lilac colored water hyacinths, and other water plants with white star-like blossoms, morning glories, and others too small to see clearly. I saw some birds with ornamental colors of yellow, scarlet, white and black. Also some water buffalo in the rice fields, some pigs and ducks, and a most beautiful bluebird on a telegraph pole, some magpies and ravens, and many sparrows. For some hours the country was flat and dreary looking but soon we came in sight of the mountains. However, for hour after hour we passed through monotonous bamboo jungle and swamp. At 3.30 p.m. we were within half a mile of the seashore. The deep blue of the sea was beautiful and refreshing. I had not seen it on the way up because my compartment was on the other side of the train and I was looking in the opposite direction. The sunset was lovely, filling the sky with soft pink and fiery red colors. Darkness fell suddenly.

Monday, 30 January, Bangkok to Penang; clear and hot. In the forenoon we were passing through a section of rice fields that were just heading, whereas such rice fields as we had seen had been harvested. The country here was green; yesterday the country passed through was dry and brown. We arrived at the border at 11.45 a.m. and passed without customs examination. The sleeper was taken off and passengers were transferred to a first class coach.

In the afternoon we passed through an attractive looking section of rice fields and rubber plantations, with mountains on both sides. It was excessively hot. The sky was very blue and full of dazzling white cumulous clouds.

We ~~then~~ reached Prai about 4.45 p.m. and passengers ^{un}trans-

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We reached Penang about 4.45 p.m. and passengers were

(1928, Jan. Penang).

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ferred to the ferry. The trip across the harbor bay was pleasant with a cool breeze and rippling water. & The strait between the mainland and the island was full of sampans. At the wharf I gave my baggage checks to the porter of the Runnymede Hotel and came on alone in a ^{taxi}taxie, the result being that I had to wait nearly two hours for the baggage. While waiting I had a bath and a change of clothing. At first I was assigned to a dark room on the ground floor at the far end of an extension facing a narrow street. I refused to accept it and protested so vigorously that the clerk found that he could give me a double room on a corner of the second floor with balcony facing the sea. This was very satisfactory except that the electric light was poor and the bathroom for men was around the corner in a corridor so that to reach it I had to don a bathrobe. This pretentious and rather expensive hotel was without plumbing of any kind. However, it was luxurious compared to the accommodations and conditions at Bankok.

The sea was lovely towards sunset. Far on the other side were some shadowy blue mountains. Overhead were beautiful cumulous clouds. Out near the horizon was a fleet of fishing sampans with picturesque sails.

Had a nice supper at 8.30 in a large dining salon with an orchestra. The hotel was made up of a group of buildings, some connected and some detached, facing the sea. In front was a sandy lawn with some tall graceful casuarana trees, one or two flamboyant trees with crimson blossoms and feathery foliage, and a row of trees trimmed umbrella fashion. These trees were strung with electric lights and at night were pretty. After dark there was much lightning to the north. At some distance from the city was a high wooded hill and behind it a great bank of cumulous clouds. The almost continuous flashing of lightning lit up this hill, and the sea, and the tumul-

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(1928, Jan. Penang)

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tuous bank of clouds behind it, making a great spectacle.

Tuesday, 31 January, Penang; clear and hot, with a good breeze. After breakfast I rode in a ricksha to the steamship office and was told that I must have my papers viced at the police headquarters; also that the banks would not open until 11.00 a.m. I bought some ^{post} cards and left an order with a printing establishment for some official cards. I went back to the hotel for my passport and then to the police department for a viced; then to a bank for some money, and next to the steamship office where I paid for passage on a boat leaving next Friday at midnight for Rangoon where I would have to change to another boat for Calcutta. On the return trip I had the ricksha boy take me through the Chinese quarter where I took some snapshots.

In the afternoon I had a restful nap on the ^{open} veranda in front of my room, after which I began to draft a report to the Institute. Before supper I took a walk ^{on} in a fine road running parallel with the seashore and saw some fine residences and grounds. Feeling more and more ^a pleased with my comfortable quarters and beautiful surroundings.

Wednesday, 1 February, Penang; clear and hot. Last night sat up late to finish reading "The Tempter" by LeQuex and got up late in the morning. When I opened the door I found that the room boy had left a cup of tea and half of an apple, which served as my breakfast. In a ricksha I went to the postoffice and then walked along the wharf, which was a scene of bustling activity and of which I took a few pictures. The bullock carts used about the wharf were interesting. In a yard near a large shed I saw many tons of leitchi nuts and a gang of Chinese women were sorting them out. Many other strange articles of merchandize I did not recognize.. Returning to my room I typed a report on Siam to

(1928, Feb. Penang)

E--3151

the Secretary General. Had a troubled nap in the afternoon because of the heat. Had a bath and took a walk through an avenue of fine trees just before dusk. I saw a number of large residences with extensive grounds, lawns, flowers and stately trees, evidences of wealthy residents in Penang. Began reading Jack London's "Little Lady of the House." Enjoyed some good music by the orchestra in the evening. Realized that for twenty-four hours I had not ^P~~s~~oken a word to a soul in the hotel and no one spoke to me. Discovered that not one of the waiters could speak English. However, I greatly enjoyed my spacious quarters, the view of the sea, the dining room, the orchestra, and the good food.

(~~Dragon1, 1 Feb. Penang, yellow folder.~~) *omit*

(1928, Feb. Penang)

E--3152

Thursday, 2 February, Penang; clear, hot forenoon, good breeze afternoon. Spent the day typewriting expense account and writing letters. Before supper took a walk that brought me about a mile out of the city. The hotel ^awas in a strictly residential section along the seashore and about a mile from the shopping district. A number of ships passed across the bay and many new guests appeared in the dining room of the hotel. The servants asked in broken English several times when I was to leave and were particular to ask about the hour of leaving.

(Wife, 2 Feb. Penang, yellow folder.)

(1928, Feb. Penang).

E--3153

Friday, 3 February, Penang; bright, clear, cool day. Up at 6 a.m. while it was yet dark. Out front I noticed phosphorescent flashes on the waves as they broke on the beach. After breakfast went to the business section to buy some films, cigars, and a bottle of Scotch whiskey. Then typed my travel account and some letters. Packed up before luncheon. The sea in the bay displayed wonderful zones of color, gray, green, blue, and purple, with a background of soft colored mountains beyond. A cool breeze sprang up about noon. It was an exceptionally pleasant day. The hotel filled up with tourists.

Had a very satisfactory luncheon with a courteous Englishman at the same table. Governor General Clifford of the Malay States sat at the next table with a party of friends. My companion said the governor was about 68 years old, had spent all his life in the tropics, Ceylon, South Africa, and Malasia. He was tall, ruddy, genial and popular. The music of the orchestra was good inside, and from the outside came the pleasant sound of the rippling of the sea, of splashing water on the sea wall, and through the open windows one could see beautiful clouds and shadowy mountains. I began to read "A Terrible Temptation" by Read.

Had a good supper and shortly after 9 o'clock paid my bill and got away. All the servants I had seen and many I had not seen either waylaid me or lined up at the entrance with their hands out for tips. At the wharf⁸ there was a long wait in the dark on the deck of the tug boat that was to take us to the ship. Near me was a party of Italians and I enjoyed listening to their animated conversation and musical voices.

Shortly after 10.00 o'clock we were taken across the harbor to the S.S. Edavana. The mail boat was ahead of us and we had to

(1928, Feb. Penang-Rangoon)

E--3154

wait half an hour for it to get out of the way. Among the passengers was a very good looking Hindu "Swami" dressed in a flowing robe of cream colored silk and a large pink turban, accompanied by his secretary, an elderly lady from Boston with a rather stern and ^Puritanical face. She was elegantly dressed and kept close to her charge. At the wharf were many Hindus who salaamed to the ground before the "Swami." I repaired to the smoking room and had a bottle of beer which restored my good humor after the delays in reaching the ship. The ship got away at midnight and I sat on the upper deck until it passed out of the harbor. The lights of Penang were like strings of jewels over the dark waters of the bay.

I found that I had as cabin companion a young German giant with four trunks and other baggage that took up most of the space. Fortunately I had the outside berth nearest the port hole. Even so, it was excessively hot all night.

Saturday, 4 February, Penang-Rangoon; clear and hot with a calm sea. Upon waking in the morning I found that my German companion was monopolizing the facilities of the cabin so I went to the general washroom to shave and dress. At breakfast I found myself seated at the same table with the first officer; with Dr. Carter, representing the Rockefeller Foundation for Medical Science Instruction in the Far East; and a little American lady whom I took to be a school teacher by her positive and inflexible manner. I finished reading Charles Reade's "A Great Temptation" and a story by Phillips Oppenheim. The run from Penang midnight to noon was 160 miles, with 599 miles yet to go to Rangoon. From the ship's library I took out "India in 1925-26", a "statement prepared for presentation to parliament" by J. Coatman, Director of Information. "

(1928, Feb. Penang-Rangoon)

E--3155

Sunday, 5 February, Penang-Rangoon; partly cloudy and cooler. Started to study the report on India and to make notes of data that might be useful, especially as to the organization of the government for the promotion of agriculture. Episcopal service was held in the main salon, which was poorly attended. The secretary of the "Swami" asked permission of the captain for him to give a lecture on his cult in the afternoon, but the captain refused peremptorily. However, he said there would be no objection to an informal gathering or conference. This was held in a corner of the lounge at 5.30 p.m. The lady professor at my table invited me to attend and out of curiosity I did. The Swami had some books of which he was the author for sale. He spoke English perfectly and recited some of his poems for our benefit. He had a full rich voice and an extremely dignified manner. I learned that he went by the name of Swami Paramanda and passed himself off as a representative of Vedanta, which he explained was a cult or brotherhood based on the teachings of Budha and old Hindu sacred writings, which he further said was a federation of humanity. He said he had been in the United States since 1906 as lecturer, preacher, and writer; that he had established a Center at Boston that had outgrown its quarters and had removed to a point near Pasadena where a marble temple was under construction, blue prints of which he exhibited.

Dr. Carter was not interested in the Swami. I learned that the teacher lady at my table was Mrs. Osborn, professor of education at the University of Manilla. She was intelligent, but had the irritating didactic manner common to female school teachers to an unpleasant degree. Began reading "As Others See Us" by Pickthall.

Monday, 6 February, Penang-Rangoon; bright sunshine and

(1928, Feb. to Rangoon).

E--3156

pleasant breeze. Awakened early by the sound of men washing the deck and also by a stream of little red ants that had entered my bed. I looked out of the porthole and saw that we were in muddy water. About 11 o'clock a pilot came aboard. Low lying land was visible near the horizon. The first officer said the ship would tie up at a jetty off Rangoon about 2 p.m. and that by paying for meals I could remain on board. Finished reading the official report on India for 1925-26 and began reading "In the Days of Poor Richard" by Batchelor. For several hours after entering the mouth of the muddy river we steamed upstream not far from broad mud flats and about 2 p.m. reached the harbor or port opposite the wharves, ~~ea~~ customhouse, and business section of Rangoon. It ^awas 3 o'clock when I finished the customs declaration, the revolver declaration, passport examination, and got off the ship.

On shore I took a ricksha and rode a few blocks to the American Consulate. There I received a batch of mail and met the Vice-Consul, Mr. K. V. Gram, who telephoned to the Director of Agriculture and arranged for an appointment at noon the following day. Mrs. Osborn came in while I was there and asked for assistance in various ways, especially to look up hotel accommodations and arrange for her to see one of the moonlight native dramatic performances. An assistant in the office agreed to take both her and I that same evening. I stop^ped at Cooks and was told I could cash a check only between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. Then I bought a supply of cheap Burma cigars, some picture postcards, an English newspaper, and took a short walk. The streets of the European section were broad and swarming with automobiles, rickshas, and little black Tamil and Burmese people.

I walked back to the ship and had a glass of beer, read the

(1928, Feb. Rangoon)

E--3157

newspaper, and opened my mail. The broad river seen in the light of the setting sun was interesting with its flotilla of native boats on the opposite side and great ships in mid channel and along the wharf. I was pleased to find that my cabin companion, the giant German, had gone bag and baggage and I was to have the cabin alone. Letters from Rome gave me the first news of the resignation of the Secretary General and the appointment of a successor.

At 9 p.m. the clerk from the Consulate, Mr. A. Ameen, called with an automobile for Mrs. Osborn and I. We were driven up and down through a maze of streets in the Chinese quarter until we came to a place where there was an entertainment in the open street in front of ~~a~~ ^{the} shop of a Chinese merchant. Our guide said it was the custom ~~of~~ for merchants to hire itinerant players to give entertainments in front of their establishments, especially for the ~~entertainment~~ ^{benefit} of their friends and incidentally to advertise their business and prosperity. These entertainments usually lasted for three ~~nights~~ nights in succession and were free to all who cared to see them. There was a small platform in the middle of the street on which two male actors without makeup and one beautiful Siamese girl in costume performed. They posed, acted, talked, chatted, and chaffed each other and sung songs in a way that kept the assembled crowd in high good humor and they were roundly applauded. The music and the acting were much like an American vaudeville stunt. The street was crowded with men, women, and children for about half a block in both directions and windows and balconies on both sides were filled with spectators. It was pleasantly cool, the crowd was laughing and talking and manifestly enjoying itself, and we enjoyed watching the spectacle. Upon returning to the ship the guide and Mrs. Osborn accepted my invitation to stay awhile in the smoking room. We ^{had} ~~had~~ something to drink and sat talking until 11.30 p.m.

(1928, Feb. Rangoon)

E--3158

Tuesday, 7 February, Rangoon; clear and very hot. At ten o'clock I met the Consul, Mr. Dick, who said he was from Sumpter, South Carolina, and was stationed in Nova Scotia before coming to Rangoon a few months previously. ~~From~~ From the Consulate I walked to the Government Secretariat, an immense quadrangular structure covering about two city blocks in a park. None of the doorkeepers or messengers that I encountered understood English and I had difficulty in finding the Department of Agriculture. I found it in the third story on the side opposite the entrance. There I met the Director, Mr. A. McKerrall, a middle aged gentleman who had been in Burma nineteen years and had recently returned from a trip to New York, Chicago, and points in Canada. He loaned me overnight his copy of "Agricultural Burma," a collection of papers prepared by government officials for the Royal Commission on Agriculture, and gave me copies of annual reports and other documents. He ~~supplemented~~ summarized and supplemented the information contained in these documents by a brief oral statement of outstanding facts relating to agricultural ⁿ~~conditions~~ in Burma, and promised the full cooperation of his department in the proposed agricultural census. After our interview was concluded he conducted me to ~~and~~ Mr. L'Estrange, Director of Land Settlement and Records, ~~through~~ ~~the~~ who gave me additional information regarding land settlement, tenure, surveys, and units of measure, and agricultural prices. It was after 2 p.m. when we separated.

I walked to the Strand Hotel and had luncheon, bought some postcards, took a nap in a chair, and then hired an automobile to take me out into the country. We drove through a portion of the city with streets lined with Chinese shops and restaurants, passed pagodas, Chinese markets, through crowded streets, and ~~at~~ out

(1928, Feb. Rangoon).

E--3159

into broad avenues of residences, past a large high school building and a hospital, a great penitentiary and salesroom for the products of convict labor, and on to a lumber mill where I took pictures of some elephants rolling and carrying logs and placing heavy beams on trucks. Their movements were deliberate but effective. They are said to be trained when young between older elephants. I was surrounded by a lot of little native beggar children and took a photograph of them.

Next I was driven to another part of the city and through a large park and by some enormous pagodas, ^{to} the royal lake, which was a pond covered with green scum and full of fish and ducks. The guide suggested that I buy some bread to throw to the fish. I did so and instantly the surface of the pond was alive with squirming, writhing, eel-like fish.

I hurried back in order to reach the wharf at 5 p.m. when the last launch would leave to take me to the ship which had changed its position to midstream. The launch did not come until 5.30 and it was 6 o'clock when we reached the ship. The tide in the river was running like a mill race and appeared to be dangerous. The sunset was gorgeous. I talked with a young couple who came out in the launch with me. He was from Pennsylvania and she was from Salina, Kansas. He was employed in the office of a steamship company at Shanghai and they were on a vacation trip through India, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Europe, en route to the United States. I sat up late reading the report on "Agriculture in Burma," which was very complete and interesting. After dark the electric lights of the city were very pretty as well as their reflection on the surface of the river as seen from the channel.

Wednesday, 8 February, Rangoon; partly cloudy and much cooler.

(1928, Feb. Rangoon).

E--3160

I was up early and looked out on a dense fog. Gradually the fog cleared a little and one could see dimly ships, barges, tug boats, and sampans scattered about in all directions, and on the shore opposite towards which the ship had drifted in the night could be seen the dim outlines of godoys (warehouses). The tide was out and the mud banks and flats were exposed and seemed to be covered with ~~te~~ teak logs.

The crows at Rangoon look exactly like those in the United States. They flew over the ship and one could hear them talking and arguing with each other about the peculiar appearance and actions of men and whether the ships were alive or not. I spent some time in reading and abstracting the official report on "Agriculture in Burma."

At 10.30 I went ashore. I stopped at the customhouse to notify the officials to transfer my revolver to the S.S. Angora, which they promised to do. Then I returned the borrowed report on "Agriculture in Burma" to the Secretariat. Next I took a long walk through the bazar section. The streets and bazars were colorful with little black, brown, and yellow people, but dirty and smelling badly. I ^{caught} ~~caught~~ sight of a little Chinese girl at the foot of some steps wearing a bright colored kamona, embroidered white pantelettes, and red Morocco slippers. She would have made a charming picture, but the moment she saw me she turned her back and clambered up the steps. I saw a patriarchal Tamil with a full head of long straight black hair that hung to his waist. He was sitting on the ground and was naked above the waist. Evidently he had washed his hair and the upper part of his body and was drying himself in the sun. As I opened up my kodak to take a snap shot at him he suddenly gathered his flowing mane in one hand and with a dexterous fling and twist threw it into a knot at the back of his head with surprising quick-

(1928, Feb. Rangoon.)

E--2161

ness. It was done with a single motion of his hand, arm, and head.

I returned to the ship, had luncheon, tipped the stewards, and I and my baggage were transferred in the launch to the S.S. Angora, which was lying at the wharf. I seemed to be the only passenger on board at the time and was given a cabin to myself. The electric lights were working and the bar in the smoking room was open, so I spent the evening there very comfortably drafting replies to letters. There I was joined by the young Pennsylvanian from Shanghai. Had a fairly good supper and asked the steward to lay in a supply of the delicious tangerines that were so plentiful in the local markets. These fruits were unusually large, beautiful in color, ripe, juicy, and sweet, the finest in the world, but at no time had I seen them on the table in restaurant, hotel, dining car, or ship. He did so and they were served to the passengers at every meal until we reached Calcutta.

Thursday, 9 February, Rangoon; bright, clear, and hot. After breakfast I rode in a ricksha to Cooks where I arranged for a hotel reservation in Calcutta. I bought some writing paper and strolled leisurely through some of the side streets and alleys. No wonder Rangoon has the plague. There were 1,200 deaths from this cause in January. On the back streets the houses are approached by disintegrating concrete or earthen steps or a little bridge over a pond or ditch or open sewer full of garbage and filth that is offensive to sight and smell. Flies were crawling and buzzing about everywhere. The streets were paved with rubble so that it would be impossible to keep them clean. The men were generally dirty. So few women were to be seen on the streets that Rangoon might be considered as ninety per cent male. The streets were full of color

(1928, Feb. Rangoon).

E--3162

because of the bright robes and turbans worn by the men. The Indian bullocks have burlap hames over their shoulders to serve as a pad for the yoke, and rope halters are attached to the nose.

After luncheon I accompanied the Shanghai couple in an automobile to the royal lake. We stopped at a large ^{pagoda} temple and took some pictures. Returned at 3 p.m. The ship was filling up with passengers especially Hindoos, Tamils, Budhists, and Mohamedans. One Mohamedan gentleman came aboard with four females wearing long veils, gowns or robes, and pretty red, green, or purple trousers. It was interesting to watch this colorful stream of humanity of many different nationalities. Later I learned that there were 1,350 of these colored passengers on board, which meant crowded quarters for them because the ship was a small one. While waiting for the ship to start several Hindoos came on board with little bags of unmounted jewels, such as rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, which they said were mined in Burma and were quoted at cheap prices because of low cost of labor in cutting. Many were sold, especially at the last minute when the prices were lowered to less than one-fourth the original asking price. I bought some because they were pretty and cheap, although I felt sure they were simply high grade glass cut to resemble jewels.

At 4.30 p.m. the ship moved slowly out into midstream and down the muddy river. As it did so we had our last look at the city of Rangoon and the numerous gilded pagodas and temples. I sat on deck with the Shanghai couple, Mrs. Osborn, a couple from Sacramento, and another couple from Boston. There was a beautiful red sunset but no afterglow, the sun sinking as a great red ball into the mists of evening. At the supper table Mrs. Osborn and I sat with the chief officer, the young Shanghai couple, and an old gentleman with his young wife from Los Angeles. Afterwards Mrs. Osborn and I sat on deck and watched the moon rise. She said she was taking a six months va-

(1928, Feb. to Calcutta.

E--3162

cation, leaving her husband to look after the house in Manila.

I returned to the cabin at 9.45 p.m. and began to read "The Witch of Prague" by Marion Crawford.

Friday, 10 February, Rangoon to Calcutta; a lovely day of bright sunshine, blue sky and sea, a strong breeze, and racing white caps. Spent the day typewriting letters. Finished reading "The Witch of Prague," which I did not like, although there are some good chapters in it. Started reading "Mr. Dooley's Postoffice." Had a long talk with Mrs. Osborn. She was much disturbed about conditions in the Philippines. She said that the various junketing trips of Congressional committees to the Philippines to study conditions at first hand nearly all got disgracefully drunk and were banqueted and completely fooled by the Philippino politicians. And she mentioned many specific instances where the American officials and residents at Manila were ashamed of and chagrined at the ~~men~~ disgraceful conduct of their visiting countrymen.

(Sister Nellie, 10 Feb. en route Calcutta, yellow folder.

~~(Longobardi, same.~~ *omit*

~~(Dragoni, same.~~ *omit*

(Wife, ~~same~~

(Vanzetti, *✓* same

(Mrs. Sauter, *✓* same.

(1928, Feb. to Calcutta)

E--3164

Saturday, 11 February, enroute to Calcutta; another lovely ^{day} of bright sunshine, blue sky and sea, ~~and~~ cool breeze and racing whitecaps. Working on correspondence and reading. Most of the other passengers were discussing their itineraries. It seemed to be universally believed that in order to travel in India one must employ a native servant, and buy a sleeping bag, bedding, towels and soap, because they were said not to be supplied at hotels or on trains.

Sunday, 12 February, Calcutta; clear, bright, and cool enough for heavy clothing. I was up at 8 a.m. We were in the Hoogly River, which was about half a mile wide, muddy, and flowing with a sluggish current between low mud banks and a flat country subject to inundation. Coconut palms and kapok trees could be seen in every direction. For two hours or more we continued to steam up the muddy river to Calcutta, which is eighty miles above its mouth. Along the banks every few miles were groups of buildings which I surmised were jute warehouses and factories.

About 10 a.m. we came to the city port where many British ships were anchored in midstream or at wharves. Teak logs were piled high on the banks for a distance of half a mile or more. A porter from the Great Eastern Hotel in which I had a reservation came aboard and took charge of my baggage. There was no customs examination, but it was necessary to fill out a declaration and exhibit passports. My revolver was turned over by the purser to the customs officer.

On the wharf I was immediately besieged by porters, automobile drivers, and a hord of poorly dressed men clamoring to be my "Boy." I shook my head and said no very emphatically. Engaged a taxie to take me to the hotel. One of the "Boys" jumped into the seat with ~~the driver and from time to time would turn about and assure me~~

(1928, Feb. Calcutta.)

E--3165

the driver and from time to time would turn about and assure me that he was my "Boy." He made himself a nuisance and prevented me from seeing much of that portion of the city through which we were passing so that I was thoroughly provoked. At the hotel both the driver and the "Boy" followed me to the clerk's desk. After registering and having a room assigned to me I asked the clerk to settle with the driver and to get rid of the pestiferous "Boy" whom I said I would not engage because I had no intention of engaging a personal servant and this one was disreputable in appearance and offensive.

I was shown to a small room half way down a long narrow corridor in the rear of the second floor without bath or other conveniences. I discovered that there was no pushbutton or telephone and that if one wanted service of any kind, such as a pitcher of drinking water, as I did, he would have to walk to headquarters and ask for it.

Before luncheon I took a short walk and saw some public buildings and the Bund, as a park near the center of the city is called. Found a postoffice and mailed some letters. Made up my laundry. Had luncheon with Dr. Carter of the Rockefeller Institute.

After luncheon I hired a taxie and was driven over a rough road crowded with bullock carts and pedestrians about eight miles below the city to the botanical garden. It covers a large tract of land, has a fine collection of trees and palms, and several ponds or small lakes. The grass was burned up as if with drouth and many trees were bare. An object of special interest to me was the great banyan tree (*Ficus Bengalense*) which covers half an acre or more. I ~~was~~^{am} much disappointed in it because it does not look like a single tree of large size but more like a grove of small trees all grown together. ~~What one sees is a hundred or more~~

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I was shown to a small room half way down a long narrow corridor in the rear of the second floor without bath or other conveniences. I discovered that there was no provision for telephone and that if one wanted service of any kind, such as a pitcher of drinking water, as I did, he would have to walk to head-quarters and ask for it.

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(1928, Feb. Calcutta).

E--3166

trees all grown together. What one sees is a hundred or more small tree trunks from three to thirty inches in diameter that *seem to* spring out of the ground and join horizontal limbs ten or twelve feet above ground. *Probably they are suckers that dropped from the branches and took root in the ground.*

On the return trip we were held up by a long freight train that moved slowly back and forth across the roadway for more than half an hour. The road was ~~rough~~ and the native huts small and dirty, and the constant tooting of the automobile horn because of the many pedestrians was annoying.

After passing the railway station and crossing the bridge we drove along the river bank for a quarter of a mile to a "burning ghat" where bodies are cremated in the open air. It was a plain low brick structure about like a country railway station. Beyond it was a walled enclosure with earthen floor ~~and~~ open to the sky. There were eight depressions or shallow pits with a small iron framework over each on each of which a hot wood fire was burning. Most of the bodies had been reduced to ashes, except one that had ~~just~~ just been put on the fire and was beginning to roast. A pair of black feet and a black head stuck out at the ends. Next to the wall were half a dozen mongrels¹ dogs as if waiting for some roast meat. Altogether it was a most gruesome and depressing sight.

Monday, February 12, Calcutta; clear and ~~very~~ pleasant. Breakfast was not ready until 9 a.m. I went to the American Consulate and had difficulty in finding the entrance. I was directed to go through an alley to an interior court where I found a door. The Consul, Mr. Frazer, was a genial gentleman, large, bald headed, from Pennsylvania, eight years on a sugar plantation in Porto Rico, and then for a time in Brazil. He had just returned from Delhi and said that the hotels there were badly crowded because of the closing days

(1928, Feb. Calcutta).

E--3167

of parliament and the coming of the Simon Committee. He suggested that I telegraph immediately for a room reservation at Delhi and ~~for~~ for a steamer reservation at Bombay, because the steamers would be crowded with British officials and their families returning to England. Mr. Parker, of the U.S. Bureau of Entomology, came in while I was there. He said he was pursuing his investigations mostly in Ceylon.

After the interview I called at the office of the American Express and obtained data on train schedules and cost and dates of steamer sailings. Also I asked the clerk to telegraph to hotels at Delhi to reserve sleeping accommodations. ^aBecause the Consul assured me that it would be extremely difficult to travel across India without a servant, I asked the clerk to engage a "Boy" for me, one who could speak English, and not too young. He advised me that the regular wage was three rupees (about \$1.09) a day, plus transportation out and back, and that the rent^a of a bed roll would be one rupee a day. I left the typewriter at a shop for adjustment, and at another place some films to be developed.

The Vice Consul, Mr. Willey, accompanied me to the Secretariat where I met the Secretary of Agriculture and Industries for the ^{Pro-}vince, Mr. R.N. Reid, who gave me various documents to read and answered my questions.

Then we went to the Police Department where I met the deputy commissioner. He was very courteous and issued instructions that I should be granted a license to carry my revolver across India. The license was prepared immediately and cost me ten rupees. In the afternoon I took the license to the customs department where the revolver was turned over to me after considerable delay and much reluctance upon payment of the minimum duty of 15.5 rupees.

~~On the way back I found a cigar store and laid in a supply~~

(1928, Feb. Calcutta.)

E--3168

On the way back I found a cigar store and laid in a supply of cigars and a bottle of whiskey which I took to my room. Then I hired a taxie and drove out through the great esplanade to the Victoria Monument, which is a white ornamental building with a dome. Near it was a very pretty church. The memorial was not open to visitors so I could not enter.

Next I was driven to the India Museum, which was a large building facing the esplanade. It was crowded with Hindoo people, including many women and children. The women were small, very dark, and dressed in bright clothes much like Gypsies. There were many bare legged men wearing dirty clothes. The museum is a large one and had fine collections of specimens of the stone age, images, and carvings in wood and stone. On the second floor was an excellent natural history collection, including fossils and economic botany.

I returned to the hotel about 4.30 p.m. On the way I bought a copy of "Young India" by Lyput Rai. Feeling very tired and much depressed without apparent cause unless it was the poverty stricken appearance of the natives. After a nap, however, I felt better and dressed in Tuxedo for supper.

I dined with Dr. Carter of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Simmons, who was very agreeable, and Colonel Stewart, Chief of the Health Department. With reference to the difficulties in dealing with an ignorant and superstitious population Dr. Stewart said they were almost insuperable, especially because of the widespread belief that all forms of life, except human life, are sacred and therefore vermin should not be exterminated. For example, he said that the health authorities entered upon an intensive campaign to exterminate rats as a carrier of the bubonic

(1928, Feb. Calcutta).

E--3169

plague, and to make it effective they offered a bounty for each rat killed. Certain Hindoo societies immediately countered by offering a higher rate for every rat that was protected.

Tuesday, 14 February, Calcutta; clear and hot. Sat up late reading "Young India" and got up late. At the American Express was told that no reply had been received to their telegraphic request for a room reservation at Delhi. Met the "Boy" who had been engaged for me. He was a small elderly Tamil, black as a coal, but spoke English fairly well and said he had experience in traveling. having served with an English family for many years. He agreed to come to my room at 5 p.m. for instructions. The clerk in the office of the American Express was unable to find the address of the Land Settlement Office, which I wished to visit. I stopped at an outfitter's shop and looked at bedding outfits. The one I wanted was priced at fifty rupees, which seemed a better bargain than renting a second hand outfit.

I went to the Government Bookshop to inquire about the Land Settlement Office and was referred to the Secretariat on Dalhousie Square. I stopped at the Commercial Library and inquired for the commercial or economic museum, ~~but could find~~ of which I had heard, but could find no one who knew anything about it. At the Government Book Shop I bought a copy of the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture and Statistics for 1925-26, one of the few times I ever had to pay for a government publication. It cost me \$3.00. Then I stopped for my typewriter which I carried to my room.

Began studying the annual report on agriculture. Looked up the office of the American Trade Commissioner. The commissioner was away, but his assistant promised to take me to see the Director of Commercial Intelligence the following day. Peter, the newly em-

(1928, Feb. Calcutta).

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ployed servant, called. Together we went to the office of the American Express where I cashed a check. Then I bought the bedding outfit which Peter took charge of. At the room he inquired about the allowance for "warm clothing." When I expressed surprise he explained that it was customary to make an allowance for heavier clothing when a servant was required to travel. He wanted fifteen rupees for this purpose. I said that inasmuch as our first destination would be Delhi and I did not know whether from that point we would go north or south, we would wait until we knew definitely whether we were going into a colder or a warmer climate before investing in heavier clothing. I spent the evening studying the annual report.

Wednesday, 15 February, Calcutta; clear ^{and} hot. Had an early breakfast and hurried out. At the end of the corridor I literally ran into Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Iremain whom I last saw in Weltesvreden. They had just returned from Agra. They were delighted to see me and threw their arms about my neck and kissed me as if I had been a close relative. I agreed to dine with them in the evening.

I went for my photographs and a supply of cigars. Then I called on the American Trade Commissioner, Mr. Peterson, who had returned from a trip. Together we went to the Department of Commerce, Intelligence, and Statistics, where the Acting Director, Mr. Iverson, gave me a very satisfactory interview and a number of official documents, and promised the complete cooperation of his department in the proposed census.

After this interview I hurried back to the American Express and bought transportation to Delhi. Then to the hotel to settle my account. Peter was nowhere to be seen, so I had to pack up and get a hotel porter to get my baggage out and engage a ~~porter~~ ^{taxi} taxi. I ~~sent a messenger to the American Express for Peter's address, and~~

(1928, Feb. Calcutta).

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sent a messenger to the American Express for Peter's address, and another to search the hotel for him. I was just on the point of engaging another "Boy" when Peter turned up just in time to join me in the taxie and reach the railway station before the train departed.

The coaches were different from any I had seen. The body of ~~the~~ the coach is taken up with two large and entirely separate compartments which were kept locked when the train was in motion. At each end was a narrow space with a cross bench in which the servants sat. Each compartment ^{on each side} had a broad ^ucoach upholstered with leather ~~on each side~~ which served as ^abeds at night. At the end of the compartment was a lavatory and toilet, but the passengers are expected to supply their own towels, soap, and other necessities.

When the train started I found myself locked in with another passenger. The train started at 12.15 p.m. and for two hours thereafter went through a flat country cut up into little plots of about one-thten^{et} acre, divided from each other by a plow furrow ridge, ~~eviden~~ evidently irrigated at times, then covered with stubble, the rice having been harvested. Apparently about half the land was in groves of palms, kapok, and other trees. There were many small villages of mud huts with thatched roofs and no windows. Some of the fields were covered with chunks of mud from the canals. Near ^{every one} ~~one~~ of the villages along the railway was a "tank" or artificial pond, usually covered with green scum or vegetation. In these tanks the natives bathed, washed their clothing, fished, and got water for household purposes.

At 1.45 p.m. the train stopped at a station, the doors were unlocked, and we had to walk forward to the restaurant coach, there being no connection between the coaches. The dining coach was locked

(1928, Feb. Calcutta-Delhi)

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and we had to wait until the next stop gave us an opportunity to return to our compartment. About 3 p.m. we entered an undulating stretch of country. The soil was light in color and the hills were terraced and apparently very dry. The landscape was interspersed with groves of trees and villages of windowless little mud huts with rounded thatched roofs. As we proceeded the country became more mountainous, evidently a mining region because of the iron works to be seen.

At 4.15 p.m. the train stopped at a siding. Natives could be seen swarming up the embankments on both sides and word passed along that one of them had been run over by the train.

At 5 p.m. we were at Dhaubad, and at 5.45 at Gomah Junction, still in the mineralized country with sparsely wooded hills in the distance. These junctions were manufacturing centers with many tall chimneys belching smoke. Also there were enormous quantities of brick and tile piled up in the yards.

At 7.30 p.m. the train stopped and Peter came to tell me to go forward to the diner and return at the next stop, which I did. As table companion I had a Russian Consul who spoke English and was very intelligent. The supper was fairly good and I had a bottle of beer with it. On returning to the compartment I found the bed made up and it looked quite comfortable. At each station where the train stopped there was a babel of voices, mostly hucksters with food to sell to the third class passengers. Some of the people at the stations wore weird costumes, turbans, shawls, cloaks, and sashes. Men predominated, at least 98 per cent of the total. Women kept in the background. During the afternoon I saw many women working ⁱⁿ the railway yards ^a carrying earth in baskets on their heads.

Thursday, 16 February, en route Delhi; clear and cold, almost

cold enough for frost. At 7.30 a.m. we were at Cawnpore, but could not see much of it from the train. At 9.30 we were at Etamel in a flat section with poor looking silt soil, occasional fields of barley, maize stubble, and tall slender castor beans, some woods and isolated trees. I saw a number of herons, big fellows with black feathers and red heads. Also some wild doves. At breakfast as table companion I had a young English gentleman who said he had been on a shooting expedition to the Himalayas, that there are large forests of big trees on their slopes, some black bears, wild pigs, and deer; that whole villages are wiped out by conditions in the rainy season, that the natives prefer their insanitary mud huts to decent houses, that synthetic indigo had superseded the Indian product and that the factories that formerly handled indigo were in ruins, and yet the natives will make no use of these abandoned buildings.

At every station were crowds of poorly dressed natives, hawkers of food and fruits. The tangerines they offered for sale were small, hard, and sour. Near one of the stations I noticed a man riding a camel, two men riding ~~donkeys~~ little ponies, and several forlorn looking donkeys, some little goats, a few Hindoo cattle and buffalo, and one drove of scrawny pigs. I saw no poultry whatever about the little mud hamlets. The fields in this section were in winter covered with crops, such as barley, rape, patches of castor beans, and a low growing plant that resembled clover.

We reached Agra at noon. It appeared to be a large city and the train goes nearly around it and across the Jumma River. A half mile farther on one could see the beautiful dome of a magnificent building in the form of a mosque, much like those in Turkey. At this point we had to change cars.

~~At 2.30 p.m. I first saw some cotton stalks; also a small~~

(1928, Feb. en route Delhi).

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At 2.30 p.m. I first saw some cotton stalks; also a small drove of camels. For the next ^uhour we passed through an open plain ~~×~~ almost entirely covered with barley and rape crops, with piles of cotton stalks in places. Saw a flock of pheasants. Also many birds perched on telegraph wires, some of them ^{different} ~~dove~~ colored paroquets, some of them green; a scissor-tailed blackbird with brilliant metallic luster. Villages were far apart. To the west one could see low hills covered with trees. Along the railway were many acacia trees that had shed their foliage.

For the last hour before reaching Delhi the railway runs parallel with an old mogul road with oriental looking rest houses, enclosures and watch towers every two or three miles. The whole region seems to have been covered with mosques, temples, forts, walls, ornamental tombs, most of them falling in ruin. I was told that there were seven Delhies preceeding the New Delhi under construction by the British on the plain a few miles from the present old Delhi. Farther back we passed through a section slightly elevated above the plain that as far as the eye could reach was covered with water worn boulders. It had the appearance of an old river bed that had been elevated above its former level.

We reached Delhi at 4.40 p.m., the train making a half circle ~~×~~ about the city through half a mile of waste land and construction work. Peter obtained an automobile and transferred the hand baggage to it. We ^vdrove about a mile through the business section and a park, past the botanical garden, the Cecil and the Maiden Hotels, to the Military Hotel in which I was supposed to have a reservation. It was two squares off the main road beyond the suburbs. Here I was bluntly informed that no communication had been received from the American Express Company, no reservation had been made, and all rooms

(1928, Feb. Delhi).

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were occupied. The clerk obligingly telephoned to other hotels and one after another reported that all rooms and outside tents were occupied. At last he found a small hotel near the river that had one spare tent left. We drove to this hotel, the "Woods," and were informed that they had neither room nor tent available. However, persistence on my part, due to desperation and exasperation, resulted in finding an old tent that was set up on a sandy spot in the back yard of the hotel. I agreed to take it for fifteen rupees (about \$4.50) a day without meals or service, the hotel agreeing to have it furnished with ^{cot} chair and washstand and an electric light within an hour. I was required to make a deposit of twenty rupees and agree to keep the tent for at least four days. I asked Peter what he proposed to do and he assured me I need give no thought to the matter---he would look out for himself. Later I observed that he and other servants curled up at night under trees in the yard or on the floor of the veranda in the rear of the hotel.

The hotel was built in a semicircle with a circular lawn in front bordered with annual and ^e perennial flowers, some of which were in bloom. There were some fine sweet peas, roses, phlox, marigolds, poppies, delphiniums, and stocks. Back of the hotel was the broad Jumna River with a ribbon of water meandering through the sand

I waited until 7.30, long after dark, for the electric bulb to be installed in my tent. After much solicitation I obtained a small mirror and a quart of hot water. The tent was about twelve feet square, six feet high on the sides and ten feet in the center, with flaps in front. In the rear was a section equipped to serve as a lavatory with a wooden tub half full of water for bathing.

(1928, Feb.Delhi)

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The tent covering was lined inside with muslin. Over the ground was spread a piece of matting on top of which was laid a badly worn rug. The tent poles were of bamboo. It contained an iron cot, a small table, a little stand at the head of the cot, a small mirror, and two small arm chairs. Outside a small ditch had been dug to afford drainage in case of rain. Altogether I felt very comfortable and enjoyed both the privacy and the novelty of the accommodations.

At the supper table my two companions said we had with us in the hotel one queen, one prince, and several noblemen. One of the gentlemen said there was a man and his wife occupying one of the tents and they had a pet rooster which they kept tied by the leg to the tent pole. He said that the sentiment among the Hindoos against the killing of any animal, except man, is very strong, but they will let an animal suffer for want of food and die a natural death from slow starvation.

Friday, 17 February, Delhi; bright and clear, cold night and morning, hot day. Hired a cart and was driven to Cooks office, but found it closed on account of the races. We were gone from the hotel an hour and a quarter. The driver insisted that he was hired by the hour and demanded pay for two hours.

I then hired a taxie and was driven to the Government Secretariat some five or six miles from the hotel. New Delhi covers a large area with avenues miles long lined with a succession of ornamental lamp posts. The driver missed his way, probably intentionally, and took us a mile or two beyond our destination. We stopped at a neat bungalow and when I rang a young lady, who proved to be the wife of the former superintendent of agriculture, came to the door and directed me to the road leading to the Sec-

(1928, Feb. Delhi).

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retariat. There were two secretariat buildings, imposing structures they were, separated by a broad esplanade a quarter of a mile wide. The buildings are constructed of red sandstone half way up and then of brick and white plaster.

I inquired for Mr. Lincoln, former Superintendent of Agriculture, and found him in a small cold office. He said that agriculture was one of the "transferred" subjects, that is, activities transferred from the British Empire government to the provincial administration. In other words, it was a decentralized administration. He tried to explain to me the rather complicated organization, or lack of organization, with respect to scientific research in agriculture. His long experience and intimate acquaintance with Indian agriculture were very helpful. He said that the proposed census would be taken under the Home Department, but he was unable to give me a printed directory of the government offices or officials at Delhi.

Next I interviewed the Deputy Foreign Secretary, Mr. Acherson, regarding the requirements for crossing the India-Afghanistan border. He referred me to the Resident Consul General of Afghanistan, Syet Oasim Khan. When I asked Mr. Acherson regarding hotel accommodations in Kabul he declined to express an opinion, but said there were no political obstacles to entering Afghanistan and that while the roads were bad on the Afghanistan side the trip could undoubtedly be made. When I remarked that the American Consul at Calcutta had said that the hotels in Kabul were impossible, but that perhaps the British Embassy might arrange to take care of me for a brief period, inasmuch as I was identified with a project in which the British Government was interested, he said that this could not be done because the embassy was already badly overcrowded.

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After these interviews I was driven across to the great Council Building. It is a magnificent structure on a raised platform of red sandstone. It is circular in form with columns around the entire building, which apparently covers several acres. One of the broad avenues that radiate from the government buildings passes the old Delhi fortress a mile or more to the west. Looking down one of the avenues can be seen a great Mohamedan mosque ~~se~~ several miles to the south.

On the return trip we passed a group of stables and paddocks where the race horses were kept. I saw many picturesque costumes but could not take pictures of them because the driver did not understand the word "stop."

Reached the hotel at 1 p.m. and had a very unsatisfactory luncheon, not as good as could be obtained in the United States for fifteen cents. Had a messenger call up the Consul General of Afghanistan and ascertained that he was away and would not return until 3 p.m. I took a short nap and again at 3.30 ~~had~~ the consul called ~~again~~ over the telephone, but no one answered. I then hired a "Tango," a two-wheeled cart with a hood opening in front ^{and} a monkey of a driver who could not speak a word of English, so I took Peter along to act as interpreter. We were driven to the great Mohamedan mosque in the center of the city especially to take some photographs. However, I found it was on such a high platform and surrounded by such high walls that photographs taken anywhere near the structure were unsatisfactory. There was an open space in front and the other three sides were closely crowded with little shops. No sooner had we stopped than a crowd of Hindoos who could speak a little English clamored to serve me as guides and then insisted on taking me into the "Ivory Temple," the "Ivory Palace," or the "Ivory Museum," which was a commercial shop, in the hope that I

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would purchase some of the wares on display, but I resolutely refused. I had the driver take me to another mosque and stop far enough away so that I could take a photograph of it. The ~~gri~~ crowd of would-be guides by which we were surrounded heard me give the order and set up another clamor, saying th~~at~~ the driver did not know where to go and would surely get lost. There was so much noisy argument that I told the driver to take me to Cooks agency.. However, the guides were not discouraged, followed, and easily kept pace with the panting pony like a pack of blood hounds hot on the scent. Then to escape so much annoyance I told Peter to have the driver keep on to the hotel, which we did, losing the pestiferous guides in the last quarter of a mile.

Sitting alone in my dilapidated tent I made a note to the effect that nowhere else had I felt so utterly balked. No one at the hotel seemed to know anything about the central or Imperial government or who was responsible for anything; there seemed to be no directory of government officials; the American Consul was at Calcutta; there was no American Legation; the same was true of the British; Cooks office was closed; I had failed in two attempts to get in communication with the Consul of Afghanistan; there were no ~~den~~ decent accommodations at the hotel; compelled to live in an old tent that was cold at night and difficulty ^{to} ~~in~~ getting enough water to wash face and hands; have a servant sitting around doing nothing, and utterly helpless when I asked him to do anything except patter about the town; the little carriages were torture to me, they jiggled up and down so violently, and the drivers keep beating their ponies which only makes them jump violently without ~~exhilarating~~ accelerating their speed; the passenger sits facing backwards and cannot see what he is approaching; altogether it was a most unpleasant and unsatisfactory situation.

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Saturday, 18 February, Delhi; cold at night and hot at midday. At Cooks I obtained information about train schedules to various points and sailing dates from Bombay, cashed a check and bought a guide book of Delhi. At the hotel I telephoned to the Consul of Afghanistan and was told that the Consul would not talk over the telephone. Then I took a taxie and was driven to the consulate, two or three miles from the hotel. He was a man of medium height, middle aged, round face and form, with intelligent eyes, polite manners, and ^ps_koke English quite well. He said I would have to make a written application to enter his country, explain the ^purpose of my visit, and submit copies of the reports of the International Institute of Agriculture, of which he had never heard; also he would like to have a telegram from the United States Consul at Calcutta confirming my citizenship and official standing. Wow, more red tape for that inconspicuous and half civil^uized country than for the British Empire. All this meant that these papers could not be submitted until the following Monday, because Saturday afternoon and Sunday were holidays.

Near the Afghanistan Consulate was an astronomical garden or observatory, the Jantar Mantar, which I stopped to take a look at. It was a curious place, a space of perhaps half an acre inclosed by a brick wall, and inside were various brick structures one to three stories high, with inclined planes at various angles, peep holes, and devices on the order of sun dials to observe and perhaps measure the angle of rays of light at different hours of the day in the different seasons of the year. No doubt the designer of these structures thought he knew what he was about, but one wonders what results he actually got. Of course, the structures were not in use and were interesting simply as ~~ruins~~ a monument to former interest in astronomy

We drove back by a different route and I succeeded in getting

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a snap shot at a mosque. After luncheon I typed a telegram to the American Consul at Calcutta asking for an endorsement of my mission to be sent direct to the Consul of Afghanistan. Then wrote a letter to the Consul of Afghanistan outlining the purpose of my mission and inclosing a copy of the census program of the International Institute of Agriculture. As my time was limited I asked that upon receipt of my letter and a telegram from the American Consul that he telegraph to the authorities in Kabul for a visé to my passport, I to pay the expense of the telegrams.

At the supper table I became acquainted with a young German, ^{Dr.} Mr. Weisl, writer, newspaper correspondent, and student of affairs, who said that he was visiting Delhi as a tourist observer in the interest of a colonization scheme of the Palestine Zionist Executive. He said he had spent several months in Arabia the previous year and had written a book about it. He expressed regret ^a that the book was written in German, because if it had been written in English it would have been read more widely. He got into an argument with a young Englishman who sat opposite about the nationalist movement in India. The nationalist party had just passed a vote of no confidence in the royal commission appointed to study conditions in India. In doing so the Hindoo and Mohamedan leaders made passionate speeches and charges against the British rule, and hinted broadly that they might seek the support of Russia; to all of which the British leaders in India made perfunctory and unsatisfactory answers, or, worse still, utterly ignored the attacks. The young Englishman said that the Hindoo and Mohamedan leaders were known to be simply empty wind bags and the noise they made was simply escaping gas, and it was all so utterly foolish and futile that the government officials paid no attention to it and contented themselves by answering any

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real criticism that might be made through pure chance or accident on the part of the opposition leaders. He said there was absolutely no such thing as public opinion in India and therefore the government party does not rely upon what is said or printed.

Although I was not feeling well I left at 9.30 p.m. with Peter and a guide from Cooks, who went along without charge, to a Mohamedan theater, where I sat through a play until 2 a.m. It was a fairly good play, full of action, firearms, sword duels, buffoonery, and several round dances by pretty girls in gorgeous costumes. The audience of men and boys howled with delight. For several hours I had been excessively tired, chilly and uncomfortable and wished to leave, but my two companions were so obviously enjoying themselves that I continued to endure discomfort in order that their pleasure might not be interrupted. My only consolation was in smoking cigar after cigar. The long silent drive through the cold air ~~which~~ ~~chilled~~ chilled me to the bone and on reaching my tent I was shaking as if with the ague. I took a stiff drink of whiskey and some quinine, crawled into my cot bed and pulled the covers about me and fell asleep.

Sunday, 19 February, Delhi; fair; cold night with a 50 degree temperature; warm day with an 86 degree temperature. Little Peter evidently felt the effects of late hours and sleeping in the cold because he did not show himself until long after I had dressed. At a late breakfast had an interesting conversation with the young Englishman whom I met the evening before. He was employed in some capacity in one of the secretariats and discussed the rather complicated situation in India. He said the British were heartily tired of India and would gladly relinquish control of it were it not for their feeling of responsibility in keeping order and preventing the Mohamedans

(1928, Feb, Delhi.)

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from exterminating the Hindoos. He described the Hindoo and Mohamedan leaders as empty wind bags with ^{no} sense of responsibility and desirous only of removing the restraints on graft and corruption imposed by British rule.

At 10.30 a.m. I hired an automobile for a sightseeing tour and took Peter along as interpreter. We stopped at the "Fort", which is a considerable area surrounded by high walls and buildings. Inside are palaces, the "Durbar," where the emperors used to dispense justice, the "Pearl" mosque, an artistic gem of pure white marble, court buildings with marble colonnades, cloisters, and royal chambers of ^{white} marble inlaid with colored marbles, especially red and blue, in the form of vines, leaves, and flowers, all of which has a most delicate and lace-like effect. Then there was a series of royal baths, balconies, and perforated marble screens through which the ladies of the court could watch the tournaments of the nobility and the combats with wild elephants and other animals on the green open space towards the river. There was also a series of pools lined with white marble connected by marble canals, and numerous fountains through which rose ^a water used to run and in which were reflected the rainbow colors of sky and flowers, so that this was called "The Stream of Paradise." There were extensive gardens, lawns, beautiful trees and hedges. The fortress wall is about a mile and a half in circumference and about sixty feet high. This fortress was also known as the Mogul Palace.

We then drove about six miles over a plain ^{much} which, like the Roman campagna, because the soil is poor and full of debris and ruins on all sides, until we came to Rya Dhava, which is a great tower said to have been included among the seven wonders of the world. It marks the site of a former Delhi that flourished before the Christian era. When the Mohamedans conquered India the new ruler com-

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memorated his victory by starting to build a great tower, 1,200 A.D., which was finished much later. It is still in good state of preservation. It was constructed of red sandstone, with twenty-four columns joined together, is about 240 feet high, 47 feet in diameter, and tapers to a diameter of nine feet at the top. It is surrounded by many acres of ruined arches, columns and walls. Near it is the base of a larger tower that was begun but never finished. Near it ^{also} is a curious column of wrought iron which is supposed to be over 1600 years old. It is about 24 feet high and about twelve inches in diameter, is smooth and shows no signs of rust. In this inclosure is said to be the oldest tomb in India, dating back to 1236 A.D.

Next we drove several miles ^{through a section} covered with great gray tombs, some of them as large as cathedrals, ruined fortresses, buildings and walls; also the tomb of Humayun, which is a large mosque-like structure covering nearly an acre of ground and surrounded by twenty or more acres of formal gardens. In this temple tomb are buried several Indian emperors and their male and female relatives, and it was here that the last mogul emperor surrendered to the British in 1857.

We drove back to the hotel in time for luncheon at 1 p.m. My German acquaintance, Dr. Weisl, was present and said that the Arabian statistics of population were full of discrepancies. Had a nap and then wrote a letter to the American Express at Calcutta claiming refund of the amount I paid for a room reservation at Delhi on the ground that no such reservation had been made. Just at dusk I went out for a short walk, partly because the electric lights were not turned on in Delhi until after dark. At the supper table when I announced to my English acquaintance, Mr. Hooper,

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my intention to visit the secretariat the following morning, he said he was employed there and he invited me to accompany him.

Monday, 20 Feb.Delhi; clear and pleasant after a cold night. Wrote letters to Consuls at Madras and Colombo asking them to forward any mail that might have been received for me. At 11 a.m. Mr. Hooper called for me and we were driven to the secretariat, stopping on the way to leave an application and a deposit to cover cost of telegraphing with the Consul of Afghanistan for permission to enter his condemned country.

At the secretariat I called at the offices of the Home Department and met Mr.Hodge, who was cordial and sent for two assistants more familiar with census matters than himself. They brought with them two volumes of the last population and industrial census. An examination disclosed that these reports contained nothing relating to agriculture except the classification of inhabitants by occupation. However, they did confirm the statement of Mr. Lincoln that a census is taken as an emergency measure by the Home Department. I was conducted to the Under Secretary, Mr. A.B. Reid, of the Department of Education, Health and Lands. He was not clear as to what, if any, department of the Indian empire was responsible for agricultural statistics, but advised me to correspond with Mr.Clouster of the royal commission that was considering all such matters, and he gave me Mr.Clouster's address. He also agreed to try to arrange for an appointment with the head of the Home Department.

I called again on Mr. Lincoln, who had on his desk such correspondence as had come to his office from the International Institute of Agriculture. Upon examination this file proved to be very incomplete.

Returning to the hotel I had luncheon.

(1928, Feb. Delhi).

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A messenger came with a letter saying the Minister of the Home Department would receive me the next day. At 5.30 p.m. I took Peter and drove to the Maiden Hotel to mail some letters, that being a mile away and the nearest point where letters could be mailed, but when we arrived I was told that postage stamps could not be sold at that hour. En route we had seen a number of placard notices about the Post-Telegraph, so we drove on to the office of the Post-Telegraph in the business section. There I had to wait more than a quarter of an hour before an employe showed any interest in me or the telegram I wished to send. It was to the ~~the~~ American Consul at Aden asking what central governmental authority in Arabia I should visit regarding the proposed agricultural census.

I asked Peter if there was any place of amusement in Delhi and he suggested the "circus." So we visited the circus. It was spread out over several acres of ground in an inclosed space. We had some difficulty in getting tickets because of the crowds all trying to climb over each other's shoulders at the entrance, partly due to the extreme deliberation on the part of the ticket seller. Inside was a disappointment to me, but Peter enjoyed it. It was about like one of our country town carnivals. It was not a carnival nor a circus, but rather an exhibition of wares for sale by local merchants like a bazar. However, there was a brass band and electric lights that attracted great crowds of poor wretches that had no other form of amusement. There was a maze, a slide for children, and one slight-of-hand performer. We entered an old and very dilapidated tent and witnessed a performance by the prestidigitator. It was crowded, very dirty, and smelled bad. The performer did the usual tricks, but nothing I had not

(1928, Feb. Delhi).

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seen many times before. I was most interested in the native orchestra and in a young Hindoo girl who was attractively dressed but took no part in the performance although she evidently belonged to the troupe. She was very pretty but had a pair of rather long legs and from time~~d~~ to time scratched herself unconcernedly in her most intimate parts.

On the return trip I again felt extremely tired and very chilly, so much so that I was shaking as if I had the ague, and every jolt of the cart we were riding in caused me great pain.

At the supper table I learned that^a Dr. Weisl was an Austrian Jew. He said he was a doctor of medicine and served as a lieutenant in the war and on the front line for three years, and was then employed by the Palestine Zionist Executive; that for a good part of five or six years he was in Arabia and visited all the towns and ports on the coast of the Persian Gulf in a small boat, after which he wrote a book about it in German which he hoped to have translated into English. With respect to the cooperative colonies in Palestine ^{he said that they} practiced trial marriages and did not marry until ^A after a child is born. He expressed the opinion that most of the cooperative associations were failures. He invited me to accompany him to a moving picture show. We sat through a long play that was very tiresome. When we returned he expressed a desire for a cocktail, but the hotel help had retired, so I took him to my tent for a whiskey and soda.

(2ife, 20 Feb. Delhi ✓ yellow folder)

(1928, Feb.Delhi).

E--3188

Tuesday, 21 Feb.Delhi; clear, cold night, hot day. Retired after midnight and it was so cold I could not get warm or sleep. I got up during the night shivering with cold, took a stiff drink of whiskey and a smoke, got into ^ehavy woolen pajamas, piled my clothing on top of the steamer rug on the cot, crawled in and went to sleep. I enjoyed hearing the birds sing in the early morning. The mornings were delightful after the sun had warmed the air to a comfortable degree, but it always grew hot about 11 o'clock. There was a beautiful vista across the broad river in the early morning while yet the mists shrouded the barrenness of the semidesert. The opposite shore appeared to be a wilderness and when veiled in semitransparent mist lit up by the rising sun looked like a fairy land of mystery.

After breakfast I started to draft a report on India to the Institute. At noon I hired an automobile to take me to the secretariat and the chauffeur drove several miles out of the way in spite of my protests, because by this time I knew the route to be followed. We arrived in time to keep my appointment with the Home Member (minister) of the Department of Education, Health, and Lands, Su Mohamed Habbibullah. He was an elderly distinguished looking gentleman, very polite, and obviously more interested in medical progress than anything else. He spoke with animation and at some length of the part he had taken in the negotiations for the establishment of a medical college at Madras through the grant of American funds and how he maneuvered to obtain ground for a site for which the price asked was four or five times its value. He personally went to the owner and assured him he wanted to buy it for himself, whereupon the price was at once reduced, and shortly thereafter he transferred it to the hospital authorities. It was with much difficulty

(1928, Feb. Delhi)

E--3189

that I repeatedly tried to bring the conversation around to agriculture and the proposed census, but after I assured him that the census would not be taken by his department and that all I wished to have from him was assurance of cooperation in making the census effective and successful he very graciously said that his department and all other departments would cooperate in a project that was so obviously usefull and that had the prior approval of the British government.

Had luncheon with Dr. Weisl who had a delegation of four Hindoos with him and who, during the forenoon, had told him of some of the wrongs suffered by the natives under British rule. They told him that out of a population of 320,000,000 only about 3,000,000 had the right to vote and only half of this number exercised their right; that the laws on the statute books perpetuate the caste system and if an Indian of a lower ~~caste~~ caste attempts to enter a higher caste he is first whipped and then fined and thrown into prison; that if natives attempt to sell, trade or barter certain commodities they are subject to the same penalties, because only members of a certain caste are permitted to engage in trade; that no Indian is allowed to possess a firearm; that more than 60,000,000 Indians have no land; that the outcasts, of which there are estimated to be from sixty to one hundred million, are not permitted to walk on a public road or obtain water from a public well, and that they are outcasts in every sense of the word, without legal rights or redress, and are punished severely if they attempt to change their ~~caste~~ status. On leaving he loaned me several publications, including "Father India" by Ranga Iyer, being a reply to "Mother India." In return I lent him the statistical publications I had collected which he wished to examine and promised to return. I

(1928, Feb. Delhi)

E--3190

spent the afternoon reading the material Dr. Weisl gave me.

At dusk and during the night at intervals there was a wierd wailing sound that rose and fell and faded away. Peter said it was the howl of the foxes or jackalls. I could readily believe this because the sound was similar to that made by coyotes in the western states. Their chorus always set the dogs of the neighborhood to barking. This wailing chorus of wild animals always brought something of a thrill to me and dim visions of the seven successive imperial cities of the Moguls extending back for more than two thousand years, and I would wonder if the time would ever come when foxes, wolves, and panthers, ~~w~~ould howl and cry over the present sites of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, Chicago, or London, Paris, and Berlin, as ~~they~~ these animals were now doing over cities that were once almost as great.

Wednesday, 22 February, Delhi; clear, cold night, hot day. Got up late and spent the forenoon drafting report to the Institute. and the afternoon typewriting it. Had a long nap. Excessively hot at midday. I felt greatly enervated and stuck to my work only by sheer will power. Thought how good a modern hotel would look again in the business section of a modern city, with all modern conveniences, and a white, clean, and well dressed population, and newspapers, and places of amusement, and restaurants, and sidewalks, and sewers hidden out of sight, and the same language, history, point of view, and psychology. None of these in Delhi; only ruins, an alien people, a ragged tent in a fourth class hotel back kitchen yard, cold nights and hot days, and continual discomfort. I felt unaccountably tired and indisposed to exertion of any kind, with no interest whatever in meals, and decided to retire early.

(Secretary General, 22 Feb. Delhi, yellow folder) *and*

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(QOWI, Feb.Delhi)

E--3191

Thursday, 23 February, Delhi; clear, cold night, excessively hot day. After breakfast began arranging photographs. At 11 o²clock had the hotel clerk call up the Afghanistan consulate to ascertain the status of my application for a permit to enter his condemned country and learned that no communication had been received from the American Consul at Calcutta. Disgusted I decided not to waste any more time on Afghanistan, whose agriculture is negligible anyhow. I then drove to Cooks and purchased transportation to Lahore and thence to Bombay and had telegrams sent to both places for room reservations. At a bookstore I purchased a copy of Whittaker's Almanac and of J.W.Locke's "Far Away Stories." After luncheon I finished pasting photographs and took a long nap. Not feeling very well, unaccountably enervated and depressed. Peter complained of the cold and I did not blame him. To help out I doubled my underwear and put on an extra sweater in the evening and loaned him my overcoat and gave him a suit of heavy underwear.

Friday, 24 February, Delhi; clear cold night and hot day. After breakfast I began packing up, returned to Dr.Weisl the books he had loaned me and obtained from him the statistical material I had let him have. Wrote letters to the American Consul at Calcuta and to the Afghanistan Consul in Delhi, cabled to the Rome office to send a credit for funds at Bombay, and telegraphed Cooks at Bombay to engage steamer reservation to Aden for about March 10. Then with Peter I drove down town to Cooks to cash a check and there learned that the hotel at Lahore had no unoccupied room but could reserve a tent for me, which I agreed to take. I confess I felt peevish about it; damn a country without hotel accommodations in this 20th century. Then I drove to the watch tower and got a picture of it, and also ~~xxxxxx~~ of one of the sacred bulls wandering aimlessly about on the street. I returned through the

(1928, Feb. Delhi)

E- 3192

dering aimlessly about on the street. I returned through the blazing hot sun, more and more disgusted with India and all things Indian. I felt as if I had a touch of malaria and took a dose of quinine. After luncheon of eggs, toast, and tea, I read Lock^e's "Far Away Stories, which were good. Then laid down for a nap. Just as I was falling asleep and felt especially comfortable I had a call from the Consul of Afghanistan saying there was a letter from the American Consul addressed to me at his office. I got up at once, dressed, and drove out to the Consulate where I was handed the letter from the American Consul written the previous Monday. The secretary of the Afghanistan Consul had drafted a letter to the authorities in Kabul to the effect that the American Consul urgently requested a visée for me. The secretary ^r suggested that I leave my passport^f with him to be forwarded to Pashwar, but I declined to surrender it. He then said he would wire Kabul. I then informed him that unless a favorably reply was received by me at Lahore not later than the following Tuesday I would proceed to Bombay and that the International Institute of Agriculture and the rest of the world would just forget that there was such a country as Afghanistan. The secretary said also that Peter, my servant would have to have the same kind of passport^f and credentials as myself in order to accompany me. I said, "That settles it; good by."

Returning to my tent I finished packing up. I was desperately tired, but just before sundown I walked slowly out to the river bank and saw the sun set over the water; also watched a lot of crows and other birds; and a ferry on the other side which could not approach the bank because of shallow water and passengers had to wade out and climb in; and a long line of Hindoos who filed across

(1928, Feb. Delhi)

E--3193

the sand flats with the evident intention of wading across the river. I felt queer and as if time meant nothing, but somehow got a lot of satisfaction in watching the sun ~~set~~ sink behind the strange horizon and in thinking that perhaps it was just rising over good old America.

Had supper and left the hotel at 8.30 with Peter and baggage in a "tanga," which caused me much discomfort by its jerky joltings. There was much confusion at the train. It appeared that two trains left Delhi for Lahore at the same time. I appealed to the station master and he was not quite clear as to which train I should take. On the outside of each coach was a card bearing the name of the person having a reservation within. I examined the length of the two trains and finally found a slip with the name "Easterbraun" on it, which I assumed was as near as a Hindoo clerk could come to spelling Estabrook, even with a printed name card before him. It was a small compartment with one upper and one lower berth. A Mr. Fahie was already installed and had all the available space full of his belongings. I felt too much depressed to protest and set my things in the lavatory. However, he ~~spoke~~ spoke English and I soon learned that he was from Cleveland, Ohio, and was once a railroad engineer and then graduated as an organizer of labor unions. He was so overjoyed to find another American to talk to that he talked without interruption until long after midnight. I was so desperately tired that I paid but little attention to what he said. Finally I climbed into the upper berth, which was so cold that I slept but little during the night.

(Fraser, 24 Feb. Delhi, yellow folder.) *miss*
(Consul Afghanistan, same.)

(1928, Feb.Lahore)

E--3194

Saturday, 25 Feb., Lahore; a cold foggy morning; bright hot afternoon. Woke up at 7.15 a.m. and learned that the train was two hours late. Could get no breakfast or tea and coffee was not to be thought of. We reached Lahore at 9.15 and went to the Falette Hotel where I was assigned to a tent larger and better than the one I had at Delhi. It was a large square and had a plank floor and wainscoting, a small fireplace, a dresser, two tables, and four chairs. Quite palatial. Adjoining it was a canvas washroom. It was one of about forty tents near the hotel. I was feeling badly as if I had malaria and to overcome it took liberal doses of quinine and whiskey. Realized that I had some kind of fever. While waiting for the baggage I went into the hotel for breakfast. I had no appetite and ate only one soft boiled egg. Then slowly and painfully I changed my clothing and shaved. I asked the ~~taxi~~ hotel clerk to telephone to the Director of Agriculture and arrange for an appointment on Monday. Also sent a telegram to the Grand Hotel at Bombay asking for a reservation next Thursday. Because of my experience with Cooks at Delhi I had little confidence in any of their branch offices where Hindoo clerks were employed. Had a feeling of profound lassitude and overpowering languor. Took some more quinine and whiskey and slept through until 8.30 p.m. Then Mr. Fahe came to inquire what was the matter. He stayed and talked for an hour, always about himself, which added to my weariness. After he left I had Peter bring me a slice of toast and a cup of tea, and then returned to bed where I spent a wakeful night but was deliciously comfortable. Towards morning I fell asleep and woke up drenched with perspiration and shivering with cold. Mr. Fahe had said he was sick of India and of Orientals, which expressed my feeling exactly.

(1928, Feb.Lahore)

E--3195

Sunday, 26 February, Lahore; cold night, hot day. Did not feel like getting up in the morning, but did feel much rested. Took a cup of tea only for breakfast. Got up about ten o'clock. Sent Peter to the railway station to make a reservation to Bombay on the train leaving Tuesday night. Laid down again. Up again at one o'clock, had a warm bath, dressed, and went into the hotel for luncheon, but ate nothing except for a cup of tea. Returned to bed. I had no power, no strength, and no desire other than to lie outstretched on the bed. It was a desperately hot day with not a breath of air stirring. After sundown I started out for a walk, but felt exhausted before I had gone a single square. Had a telephone call from Dr. Milne, Director of Agriculture for the Punjab, inviting me to take dinner with him, but had to decline the invitation on account of my physical condition.

Monday, 27 February, Lahore; same cold night^{*} and hot day. Took a short walk before breakfast. Had one soft boiled egg and tea for breakfast. Then I hired a two-wheeled cart and driver to take me to the botanical garden. I asked Peter to tell the driver to drive slowly and carefully, because I shrank from any sudden movement. The driver started his poney at a walk; then he lashed the poney into a jiggety trot and then a gallop. I sat on the rear seat facing backwards and held on with one hand and clasped my abdomen with the other, suffering torture. Nothing I said had any effect on the driver. So we went through the botanical garden at a trot or gallop and were back at the hotel in less than thirty minutes. I could have shot that driver if my revolver had been handy. I sat relaxed in a chair until 11.45. My appointment with Dr. Milne was at 12 o'clock. I took a carriage and arrived at his office a few minutes before the appointed time. There a

(1928, Feb.Lahore)

E--3196

messenger took in my card and returned with the information that Mr.Milne was in conference with ~~some~~ of his assistants and for me to wait. I waited rather impatiently exactly 55 minutes and was about to leave when the messenger threw open the door to the inner sanctum sanctorum and I was admitted. Dr.Milne was a middle aged, stout, energetic, animated person, who apologized profusely for keeping me waiting, saying he was ~~was~~ working on his budget and had not realized how the time was slipping away. He gave me full information about the Punjab and promised full cooperation in the census.

I returned to the hotel, a distance of about two miles, and the hot sunshine felt pleasant. At the tent I immediately disrobed and went to bed and remained there the rest of the day. I got out my clinical thermometer and it registered a temperature of 103. In the evening I sent Peter to the hotel for a poached egg and a cup of tea, which was my supper. The tent temperature all the afternoon was 96 degrees.

Tuesday, 28 February, Lahore; cold night and a beastly hot day without a breath of air stirring. My fever and extreme lassitude continued. Remained in bed all day, except in the late afternoon I got up to have a warm bath. Suffered from dysentery and pains in the abdomen. In the late afternoon it took me two hours to dress and pack up. At 6.30 I walked over to the hotel and had a whiskey and soda. For supper had a poached egg and tea. Settled the hotel bill, first class rates for a tent and poached egg meals, and sat around until 8.20 p.m. I had sent Peter ahead to have the baggage registered and installed in the compartment I had reserved and in which I had stipulated a lower berth. Peter was at the station to meet me and conduct me to my berth when I arrived. He

(1928, Feb.Lahore).

E--3197

had thoughtfully made up the berth so that I could lie down immediately. While lying there I got a lot of grim satisfaction listening to an altercation between a big Englishman and a slim American of the smart Alec type. The Englishman had a ticket reservation for the upper berth. The young American had no reservation, but he had entered, ^{and taken} ~~took~~ possession of the upper berth before the rightful owner arrived. The young American was proceeding entirely on bluff, but the Englishman stood his ground in a very dignified manner and the controversy ended abruptly when the Englishman's servant brought an official of the railway company.

Wednesday, 29 February, Lahore to Bombay; excessively hot. A day of dust and heat, of extreme lassitude and various and sundry pains, and of unaccountable mental depression. All day the train seemed to be running through a desert country of brown dried up hills, stunted trees, and desolation. I tried to distract my mind by reading an outrageous romance entitled "ⁱLion of the Jungle" that because of its utter improbability served to take my ~~th~~ mind off of my physical condition and to pass the time.

For breakfast, dinner, and supper I sent Peter ahead to the restaurant car for a poached egg and a cup of tea, which seemed to be my instinctive diet.

Thursday, 1 March, Bombay; bright, clear and hot. Had a troubled night and woke up early to find the compartment and everything in it covered with a heavy layer of fine dust. Took a dose of quinine and a shot of whiskey and water. For the first time in three days felt like smoking occasionally. The train was still passing through a desert landscape, but with more hills and trees than were seen yesterday. Also the towns and villages increased in number and there was an occasional field of barley. About 10 a.m. we ~~passed through a section where salt was being evaporated from sea~~

(1928, March, Bombay.

E--3198

passed through a section where salt was being evaporated from sea water. Little bays and inlets could be seen to the west and hills to the east.

We reached Bombay at 11.15 a.m. A porter from the Grand Hotel said a room had been reserved for me, which was good news. I was driven a mile or two in an old carriage through dirty streets to the hotel which was near the harbor and on a back street. I was shown to a good outside room with a private bath, all of which cheered me greatly. Had a bath and a change of clothing and felt better. Had a light luncheon and laid down until 3 o'clock.

Drove to the American Consulate where a batch of letters was awaiting me. I asked the Consul to recommend a physician. He gave me the address of Dr. W.G.Ford, with whom an appointment was made for five o'clock. On the way back stopped at Cooks and was told they were authorized to turn over to me a remittance received from the Rome office.

At 5 p.m. I called at the office of Dr.Ford. After a thorough physical examination he said that I still had fever, but the crisis had passed. He advised taking twenty grains of quinine a day, lie down most of the time, eat very little food, and take my temperature morning and evening, and said he would call the next day. Curiously enough, that was just about what I had been doing for some days. A telegram came from the Consul of Afghanistan at Delhi asking me to send my passport^s for visee which he was authorized to give. Also had a letter from Dr. ^{Clouston} ~~Clouston~~, to whom I had written, inviting me to call on him. This would have meant an all night ride and then a 73 mile automobile ride to reach his retreat in the highlands, and he suggested that if I were pressed for time it would not be worth while to make the

(1928, March, Bombay.)

E--3199

trip. I fully agreed with this suggestion.

Friday, 2 March, Bombay; clear and hot but with a pleasant breeze from the sea. Wakeful at night and up at sunrise. Sat about in my pajamas and read the annual report of the Director of Agriculture for the Punjab. The doctor came at 12.30 p.m. My temperature was running a little over 100. The doctor proposed that I take a dose of castor oil, but I reacted to the suggestion so promptly and violently that he withdrew it. He renewed his prescription of the previous day, twenty grains of quinine, eat little, drink copiously of mineral water, and lie down most of the time.

I spent the afternoon alternately dosing and making up my expense account. Had no appetite and felt ^ua great task to dress and go to the dining room. Peter evidently found it dull. He suggested from time to time that there was nothing the matter with me and if I would only eat full meals and take lots of exercise and forget about being sick I would be all right.

Saturday, 3 March, Bombay; clear and hot with good breeze. Wakeful during the night and got up several times to smoke and read. In the morning my temperature was normal for the first time in a week and I felt rested and cheerful. The doctor came in ~~the~~ the forenoon and said everything was quite normal, and then prescribed some tablets to be taken in water, but said I should not attempt to leave the hotel for several days. ~~At 6.30 p.m. I went down to the hotel bar and had a whiskey and soda. For supper I had soft boiled egg and tea.~~ Had luncheon and was very uncomfortable during the afternoon. Sent Peter out to buy some shirts for me. During the day I looked out of the window of my room and saw a Hindoo snake charmer on the street below. When he espied me at the window he at once squatted on the ground and opened his bag of tricks, which

(1928, March, Bombay).

E--3200

in this case was a basket full of snakes. He reached in his hand and pulled out several and put them on the concrete roadway. Some of them tried to crawl away, but he pulled them back by their tails. One of them, a small hooded cobra, stood up in the form of a spiral and swayed its head slightly. Another cobra was about four feet long, and a snake of another species was about six feet long. He played a little on a reed flute and then ^dma^e some little balls and eggs appear and disappear in unexpected places^s. It was a great effort to dress and go down to the dining room without appetite or desire for anything to eat, but I enjoyed the lights, the music, and the sight of other guests.

Sunday, 4 March, Bombay; another bright hot day. The doctor called at noon and expressed the opinion that I was convalescing from typhoid fever and that I had probably had it for nearly a month. He thought I would improve gradually if I was careful. In the forenoon I read some Sunday newspapers which Peter brought in to me. In the afternoon started to typewrite some correspondence, but did not finish. Between naps I took quinine and whiskey and the tablets the doctor had prescribed, and smoked and read a little.

Monday 5 March, Bombay; cloudy and cool. After breakfast I went to the American Consulate to have my expense account certified to and to have my passport~~o~~ examined. I was assured that it was good for two years but that the expired visas would have to be renewed. Also that a visa for French colonies was not required. Had a short interview with Consul Keblinger who said he was from Staunton, Virginia, and had lived in Washington twelve years. At the American Express office I obtained a refund of the amount I paid for a room reservation at Delhi and did not get. Also left instructions for the issuance of travel checks for \$2,000. Then drove to the French Consulate

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